

WEEKLY Evening Gazette.

VOL. I.

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Better Late than Never.

Life is a race, where some succeed,
While others are beginning;
Tis luck at times, at others speed,
That gives an early winning;
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor,
But keep this wholesome truth in mind,
Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
Tis noble when you can excel,
By honest, patient labor;
But if you're outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surprised,
Tis better late than never.

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another;
But while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother.
Whatever your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to beat the rest,
Tis better late than never.

Choose well the path in which you run—
Succeed by noble daring;
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing;
Then never fret, if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor,
But ever keep this truth in mind,
Tis better late than never.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

"My dear fellow, I am delighted to see you," exclaimed my friend McCausland, as he met me at the door of his house.

I had gone on a visit to Holmesdale, a little town in the north of England. McCausland was engineer to the water company there and had invited me to go down for a week.

After the usual interval for dressing, we sat down to an excellent little dinner. Not unnaturally the conversation turned upon the weather.

"I am sorry this rain continues," said McCausland; "it spoils my water supply. People bully me as if I could help it."

"Are your reservoirs near the town?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "away in the hills. We can go over tomorrow, if you like. I'm due there."

The excursion was arranged. We agreed to start at 11 o'clock next morning, and we started punctually. We pursued our way up the hill, and, crossing the brow, reached a small inn. Here we found a country gig awaiting us. Into this we clambered and proceeded along a wooded by-road, stony and rutful. At length, when hope had almost given way to bad language, we pulled up at another small inn called the "Reservoir."

We got out of the gig gladly. An engineer foreman hurried up and accosted us politely.

"Is all right, Johnson?" inquired McCausland.

"Yes, all is right; but—" "Well, but what?"

"I don't quite like the South Reservoir embankment," was the reply.

McCausland turned pale to the very lips.

"Come with me," he said abruptly. We hurried after him in silence, and with a strange dread upon us.

We soon came in sight of the extensive embankment, which confined the waters of the largest of the three reservoirs of the Holmesdale Company.

"This is the spot I was looking at this morning," said Johnson.

"You had better have a few men to paddle up this," said McCausland, indicating a tiny crack that would have escaped less experienced eyes.

We then continued our inspection, but during our progress round the works the clouds had massed themselves in wild grandeur above the hills, and lay heavily above the Apps valley in front. The railroad crossed the valley on a graceful viaduct near Ammering Junction.

A low, moaning sound was in the air. It was not the wind, for the breeze had strangely lulled. The men had all gone up to the

reservoirs. McCausland and I sat chatting together.

"Do you think you could find your way back alone?" he asked, suddenly.

"Why?" I said. "Do you intend to remain here? Is there any danger?"

"Well, scarcely that; but I think I ought to be on the spot. I will return to-morrow or next day."

"Can not I stay, too?"

"Certainly, if you desire it. We rough it up here, though."

"I do not mind that," I replied. So it was settled. Fortunately it was that I did remain. As we were preparing to visit the sluices again we were startled by a vivid flash of lightning, which had hardly passed when the rocks rang out with a thousand thunder echoes.

This was the signal. The windows of heaven opened, and a perfect deluge descended upon the devoted valley. The little brooks leaped up and danced down the hillsides in white array. Tiny waterfalls swelled themselves into cataracts and foamed down to the streams.

But the men still worked hard amid the gathering gloom and thunder by lantern-light, and nature rested not that livelong night.

But I turned in and got some sleep in defiance of the elemental war without.

At 5 o'clock in the morning, as the gray light was struggling into life, McCausland came, fully dressed into my room. I started up.

"Dress yourself as quickly as you can and come down stairs," he said. I began to ask questions. "Lose no time, there's a good fellow; I want your assistance." He left the room.

I jumped up at once, hurried to the window and looked out. Day was just breaking through the misty sky and all the world was raining.

Ever and anon a sharp snap denoted a bough torn from its place and whirled to the soaking earth.

I dressed quickly and joined McCausland in the little parlor. He was studying a private copy of the railroad time-tables, which as an official he always carried.

"Will you take the horse and ride down to Ammering Junction with a message?"

His collected manner assured me. Was this all. A ride through the rain was not much. "Of course I will go."

He grasped my hand firmly. "Are you nervous?" he said, as he held it in his steady grasp.

"Nonsense," I replied laughing; "I'll be ready in five minutes if it's important. Is the horse here?"

I ran up for my waterproof. When I came down the horse was at the door and McCausland inspecting him. I mounted. "Now," I said, "for this great message, if you please." McCausland's tone had something very solemn in it, as he replied:

"Tell the station-master at Ammering Junction, and any people you see, that the South Reservoir will not last three hours. It will burst down the valley, and will destroy the Apps viaduct and carry away the bridges on the Holmesdale Branch. Stop the traffic and save the passengers. God bless you; and, hark ye, ride for your life. I will fire the signal cannon as a warning. Good-by."

Ammering Junction was some miles away. My route lay through an unknown country, across moorland intersected by flooded streams and swept by the fierce wind and rain.

I must do it, I thought, as my horse picked his cautious way amid the loose stones down the steep by-road we had ascended the previous day. I should need all my strength, I thought, to execute my task, so I pressed on. A valuable slice out of my time had been expended when I reached the broad highway and urged my horse to speed. I had to turn off again, I knew, but fancied I could easily find the path. Besides, was there

not a sign-post?

I reached the turning and pulled up to read the direction to take. I nearly fainted with horror as I read. The fatal finger pointed up the cross-road I was pursuing—To Holmesdale and Seaham. The opposite pointed—To Ruddall and Ammering. I could scarce credit my senses. Surely I was right! We had come up the previous day, and up the hill to the reservoirs. To reverse my route was my only alternative. This was a terrible mistake. 'Twas now past 6 o'clock. One of the three precious hours had elapsed and found me further from Ammering than when I started. Despair seized me; what could be done now? Two hours remained and ten miles yet to ride, three up rugged hills and seven across the moor before the Junction could be reached, and before that the trains might have started, and then—

A cold perspiration burst out at the thought and stood in great beads on my forehead, as desperate and only half conscious, I rode madly back to the Ammering road and up the hill again.

The summits of the neighboring hills were shrouded in a veil of mist, but far in advance, on the level, could be traced the railroad line. From that elevation also could be traced the channel of the Apps river down the valley, as also could be guessed the spot at which the flood would strike the railroad and the branch line over the spur of the hill. Far in the middle distance could be distinguished the Junction. A dark smoke appeared to be rising from it; an engine perhaps waiting to start with a train, and I was lingering on the hill. All this and more I could perceive while resting on the summit. Something refreshed, I rode manfully forward into the storm.

How my horse kept his feet I do not to this hour understand.

I was quite alone, not a human being in sight, but suddenly the whistle of a locomotive was carried to my ears. An engine moved out of the station. Another whistle shortly afterwards. That train was safe. I watched it glide away over the viaduct. Five minutes later I rode into the station and called for the station-master. As I dismounted the clock struck 8. The time was up, and no signal from McCausland. Telegraphing would now be easy. A porter came out, in response to my summons.

"I'm sorry ye lost the express," he began.

"I don't want the train," I replied, "I must telegraph at once through. Where is the station-master?"

"He'll be here in a minute; but ye can't telegraph. The wires are blown down. We had to send a 'pilot' with the express to clear the line up to Handleigh."

"Not telegraph! I tell you, man, I must stop the traffic. The South Holmesdale reservoir will burst this very hour."

"Can that be true?" inquired a cool, gentlemanly man at my elbow. It was the station-master himself.

"True!" I echoed. "Only too true. I have ridden to tell you. We must stop the trains."

"The excursion leaves Handleigh at 8:05," mused the station-master. "There may be time; come with me." He crossed the line and entered a shed opposite.

I followed. Just then a loud, booming sound rent the air. The sound came back from the hills like thunder.

"It is the signal!" I exclaimed. "The water is out. Heaven help us now!"

The station-master called out. A cleaner appeared. "Is that engine ready?"

"Yes, sir; waiting for the excursion."

"Run and open the points. Now sir, get up."

I obeyed mechanically, and before I quite realized the situation we had crossed the up line. The station-master stopped to get a red flag, and gave a few instructions to

his subordinates. I now perceived that we were to race the flood. Steam versus water. Which would conquer?

A whistle—we started. "The flood, the flood!" shouted the porter. We turned one glance up the valley. A moving brown wall, capped with a snowy ridge, was tearing down the devoted viaduct. No time to lose. "Go ahead," shouted the station-master. I turned on steam, put the lever over another "notch," and the race began in earnest.

It was an exciting race and one never to be forgotten. On rolled the flood. We were running "neck and neck" for one terrible half-minute. Now the resistless flood bore directly to the bridge. Stones were rolling before it like marbles. Trunks of trees, haystacks, debris of every description came headlong down upon the doomed structure. We fled like lightning over the rails. Our speed told now. Sparks flew from the chimney. Another "notch"—the beat of the piston quickened to an almost inconceivable rapidity. We were on the bridge. Hurrah! The curling wave beneath seemed to spring forward, and broke against the buttresses. A second, and we were across. I shut off steam, the station-master putting down the brakes. A tearing, rending sound, that was not the brakes—a crash! We looked back. The line dropped behind us like a stage-trap. The bridge gave way, and, with a roar that was heard two miles off, the pretty viaduct was swept away by the boiling, furious water!

We were truly thankful for our narrow escape. And now to save the excursion. Speeding forward again, whistling like a demon, our engine—Vigilant by name—soon came in sight of the excursion train. By waving our red flag we averted another danger—a collision. The telegraph posts being down, trains had to run upon the same line as far as Handleigh, but our timely action set all to rights at last.

Giving the bewildered passengers to understand the narrow escape they had had, we received the fervent and sincere thanks of all, except one man. He was escaping from justice and was captured. From the elevated embankment we could trace the course of the flood for miles. The train put back to Handleigh, whence the passengers were forwarded by another company.

By the time we had arranged matters and returned to the broken viaduct, the water had subsided. A footway was constructed across the muddy river-bed, and trains stopped at both sides of the stream, the passengers exchanging from one to the other.

The aspect of the country as I retraced my steps was deplorable; I could scarcely recognize the places I had passed in the morning.

I found McCausland and his staff at the reservoir awaiting me. He wrung my hand fervently, and said certain words that I shall not easily forget.

The viaduct was quickly rebuilt, but the station-master at Ammering does not forget the race of steam versus water on the Vigilant locomotive. Nor do I.—[Cassell's Magazine.]

Mrs. Blair, widow of Francis I. Blair, died recently. It is understood that some of the best editorialists that appeared in the old Globe, in the period when it was so powerful an ally of Jackson, were written by Mrs. Blair. In social life she was greatly admired and esteemed. Her married life was peculiarly happy. She and her husband retained their physical and mental strength in an unusual degree; and when over 80 years of age they might frequently have been seen riding into Washington on horseback.

Hayes was trying to eat a clam in Rhode Island, when the waiter said: "Perhaps I had better take off the shell."

Fight Between a Turkish Monitor and Four Torpedo Boats.

A most interesting affair occurred on the Danube here during the operations attending the passage of the Danube—a fight between a Turkish monitor and four Russian torpedo boats. It was somewhere near the mouth of the Aluta. This monitor had been giving the Russians a good deal of trouble, and showed an amount of activity and energy very unusual with the Turks, continually shelling the Russian batteries and destroying the boats. The Russians accordingly determined to destroy it.

Four torpedo boats were prepared and sent against the monitor. Hiding behind an island, they laid in wait, and when the vessel was steaming past suddenly darted out from their hiding place and bore down on her in broad daylight. This monitor, it soon became evident, was handled and commanded in a very different manner from others which the Russians have had to deal with here. With wonderful quickness and skill she was prepared for action, and nothing daunted by the fate of others, made a successful defense against the four terrible enemies, a defense of which the Russians speak with the greatest admiration.

Her commander began by thrusting out torpedoes on the end of long spars, thus threatening the boats with the danger of being blown into the air first, at the same time opening a terrible fire on them with small arms and mitrailleuse. He besides manoeuvred his boat in a most skillful manner, with a dexterity and address which, with the torpedoes protecting, made it impossible for the Russian boats to approach sufficiently near. He tried beside to run them down, and very nearly succeeded in doing so. The reason soon became evident. The commander was a European, whom the Russians believe was an Englishman, and who directed the movements from the deck. He was plainly visible all the time, and was a tall man, with a long, blonde beard parted in the middle. He stood with his hands in his pockets, giving orders in the calmest manner possible.

The torpedo boats continued their attempts for more than an hour, flitting round the monitor and seeking an opportunity to get at her, but without success. The monitor was equally active in trying to run them down, avoiding a collision by quick and skillful movements, backing and advancing, turning and plowing the water into foam as she pursued or avoided her tiny but dangerous adversaries—a lion attacked by a rat. At one moment one launch, in rapid maneuvers, found itself between the monitor and the shore, with no great distance between them. The monitor's head was in the other direction, but her commander instantly began backing her down on the torpedo boat, with the intention of crushing it against the bank.

Just at this moment the engineer of the launch was wounded. There was some confusion and delay in starting the engines, while the current carried her head aground in such a position as to render escape impossible. One of the crew sprang out into the water and pushed the ground, while another started the engines just in time to escape with a scrape, the shave was so close. One Russian officer sprang ashore, and seeing the captain of the monitor coolly standing on the deck with his hands in his pockets, emptied his revolver at him, three shots, at a distance of not more than forty feet. The captain of the monitor, in answer, took off his hat and bowed, not having received a scratch. Later, however, the gallant fellow seems to have been killed or wounded, for he suddenly disappeared from the deck. The monitor immediately afterward retired precipitately from the scene of action.—[Cor. London News.]

The Eureka Sentinel is informed by one who pretends to know, that Gen. Thomas H. Williams will make one more attempt to represent Nevada in the Senate. With this intent he will give personal supervision to the management of the Savage mine. The rumor is given for what it may be worth. Perseverance is the root of all evil.

The Lassen County Farmer is trying to organize a Stockraisers' Association for Lassen, Modoc and Pitkin counties. Good idea, neighbor.

The Humboldt District Fair will hang up \$12,000 in purses and premiums during the present year.

Sunday Reading.

Under this head Mighels of the Appeal has preached several sermons which are superior to many of the efforts made in the vicinity of the contribution box. Last Sunday "Special Providences" occupied his attention and the following extract suits us:

Labor well and honestly; strive with courage and hearty manfulness; move on toward some high object, never looking back, and never folding the hands in weak idleness and impotent despair; move in the courses which Nature has always told us are the wisest and the best, and let Providence wreak its special kindnesses and bring its welcome accidents as it may. The hand was made for toil; the limbs were made for exercise; the brain was fashioned for thought; the senses were given to us to be used in healthful moderation; the functions obey certain laws, and fail of performance if those laws are unheeded; and we who depart from these laws and lazily and o'er fondly look to Providence for relief deserve the many disappointments which enter into our experience. Let each man do his part bravely and honestly, observing the plain laws of Nature's statute book, ever ready at hand and always intelligible. The Future will all too soon be the Past, and we must recollect that:

"The moving finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wipe out a word of it."

SIGNIFICANCE OF ENGLAND'S MOVEMENTS.—A London special of the 23d says: All the papers repeat and confirm the information relative to reinforcements of the Malta garrison by the second battalions of the Second and Thirtieth Regiments. Each consists of about 900 men. A correspondent of the Times at Portsmouth, telegraphing on Sunday night, says although Malta is mentioned as the destination of the troops, Gallipoli is still believed to be the point aimed at. It is known that Colonel Edwards, of the Royal Engineers, was sent there a few weeks ago on a secret mission, the object of which, it is stated, was to report as to the depth of water of its approaches and capabilities of the town for defense.

The Times in a leading article, while hoping the government will be able to give assurances in Parliament to-day that there is no present necessity of sending troops further than Malta, is evidently prepared to hear of more decided action, but the writer thinks the government could be justified in the occupation of Gallipoli by nothing but overwhelming necessity.

"601"—It has been rumored here for several days that a vigilance committee was organized, and that several suspicious characters were told to leave town. Early yesterday morning a robust-looking individual with the cabalistic figures "601" pinned to his back, was seen suspended from the limb of a dead tree in the "burnt district" and there the body remained late last night, the coroner, who was so cruelly hoaxed a week ago not caring to investigate what he feared might be another sell.—[Silver State.]

LASSEN COUNTY FLUME.—This important enterprise we noticed advertised in a San Francisco paper, as prepared to receive bids. The object, as is well known is to tap Eagle Lake, and to convey the water to Honey Lake Desert Land. Eagle Lake has over one hundred square miles of surface, and will irrigate thousands of acres of what is known as Desert Land. We believe it to be a grand and important enterprise and wish it every success.—[Truckee Republican.]

Bob Ingersoll has stirred up a formidable antagonist in San Francisco in the person of the Rev. Thomas Guard. Bob had better beware, for with the devil behind and a Guard in front, his chance of escape is small indeed.—[N. Y. Graphic.]

A man who practiced twelve years with a revolver, and who could drive a nail a sixty feet with a bullet, was killed by a club in the hands of an Arkansas man who couldn't shoot a barn.

There is a goat in Mobile that stands on the top of a board fence and eats peaches off a tree. Who ever heard of such a mammal as that?

RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

Life's Lessons.

BY SOPHIA ANDREWS.

The laughing hours of childhood
Too quickly pass away.
Like some bright dream departing,
Which leaves no cheering ray.
No cheering ray within our hearts,
Now filled with anxious cares,
We grieve, for life's realities
Come on us unawares.

The young heart unacquainted
With the dangers of the world,
Goes forth to meet its terrors,
With life's fair flag unfurled.
The path which leads to evil
Is tempting, bright and fair,
We do not see the serpent
Who coils in ambush there.

Then bitter disappointment,
With all its withering train,
Has crushed the spirit's brightness,
'Till never be the same.

Then laughing eyes forget to smile,
And blooming cheeks grow pale;
Our cherished hopes are all overthrown
And tell their own sad tale.

And thus it is with those who live
In this dark world of ours;
Too oft they grasp the cypress wreath
Concealed amid the flowers.

Then let us live life's morning,
When life itself is new;
Be ever watchful, waiting,
With one bright end in view.

Expertness of Michigan Log-Rollers.

The wonderful skill and agility of the lumbermen who run logs and rafts down the rivers of Michigan has long been viewed with surprise. At Manistee, July 4th, there was a log-rolling contest, which is thus described by the *Times and Standard*:

The contestants were each provided with a smooth pine log about sixteen inches in diameter, and a pole with a spike and hook at one end. They also wore long driver boots, with spikes about one-half inch long set in the bottom. The contest took place in the Manistee river where there is a current of about three miles an hour, and long before the hour the banks were lined by thousands of spectators anxious to witness the performance.

At a given signal they appeared upon the bank coatless and with a sash around the waist, and each stepped upon his log and with his pole shoved off into the current. They whirled the logs around, stood on one foot, sat down, knelt down, laid down, rolled over on the log, drank lying down, drank lying on their backs, and in short did more than most people can do on a solid floor.

Finally one jumped up on to the log with the other, and deliberately sent his log whirling to the other side of the river with his pole-pole, and now commenced the strife in earnest. To roll the other off the log, one would set the log whirling like the shaft of a mill wheel until the water was covered with foam from the whirl, when of a sudden he would stamp his spikes into the log and stop it so it would appear as solid as the eternal rocks; it would not even tremble. Then he would start it rolling in the other direction until the waters would be whirled into a foam again, and both men would be running at the top of their speed to keep on top of the log, when in would go the spikes and the logs would be stopped as if held in a vice. This was repeated a dozen times but to no purpose, each watched the other, foot and foot came down together. No soldiers ever kept step better and each held his place on the log until they had been swept down the river over half a mile and past the bridge when one threw his pole away and the other followed suit, and now neither had even a balancing pole, and the contest grew sharper than ever. The log was whirled one way, suddenly stopped, and whirled the other, and at times the direction of the roll would be changed so suddenly that it was difficult for the eye to follow its course, and so evenly matched were the men (they were the Wheeler brothers) that we doubt if either would have proved the victor, but the log floated under the boom of a vessel, and while whirling struck and one went in, while the other caught in the rigging of the vessel and saved himself.

A MOURNER WHO WANTED THE RIGHT CORPSE.—A strange scene occurred one day this week at the parish cemetery, Walton, near Liverpool. A few days ago a poor old woman was taken to the workhouse, Brownlow Hill, and died there. An only son claimed her body for interment. He provided a coffin, called a few friends together, and with them proceeded in a mourning carriage to Brownlow Hill and claimed the corpse of his mother. A body was offered for his acceptance, but he refused to have anything to do with it, the ground of his refusal being expressed in the indignant statement, "That is not the body of my mother; it is the body of a woman three times as big." It appeared that about the same time that the death of the woman in question took place, another woman died in the hospital, and the one had been buried for the other. The young man was not, however, to be defrauded of the privilege of burying his mother reverently, and a visit was made to Walton; and after several shells had been exhumed, that which contained the corpse of his mother was found. From it the body was taken, wrapped in a shroud, placed in the coffin provided by the son, conveyed in a hearse to the Catholic cemetery at Ford, and there interred.—*London Telegraph*.

A Bit of Oregon's History.

A Big Crop on Land that has been in Cultivation Sixty-five Years.

We have just heard related the circumstances of the settlement of one of the oldest farms within the present boundaries of the State of Oregon, and which we deem worthy of putting on record. Somewhere about 1819 a French mountaineer and trapper by the name of Montoure, who had drifted into this then wild region of country, concluded to cease his wild roving and stopped among the Indians of the Willamette Valley. Having appreciation of the value and importance of the cultivation of the soil, he looked around him for a proper location. His choice fell upon the spot where Hon. Samuel Brown now lives, on French Prairie, in Marion county. Here he settled down, and commenced in a rude way, no doubt, the erection of his future home and the cultivation of the soil. Of his adventures among the wild Indians then inhabiting this beautiful country, of his trials, adventures, hopes, fears, his sorrows or happiness, we perhaps may never know. But here he remained in peaceable possession of his home in the wilderness until 1826. The Hudson Bay Company had gained a foothold in the country, and they sent one of their trusted French employees to French Prairie to establish a farm and raise grain, vegetables, etc., for the use of that company. Peter Depot, on his arrival, purchased Montoure's primitive home and farm and commenced in earnest the business of agriculture. When the restless American race pushed their way into this rich and fertile valley and began to erect their homes on its fine agricultural and grazing lands, the Hudson Bay Company gave up their farming enterprise, preferring to obtain their supplies derived from the soil from the early pioneers, and turned their attention more exclusively to their legitimate business of trapping and trading with the Indians. When this change occurred, Peter Depot, preferring to continue the peaceable occupation of a farmer to that of a roving trapper and hunter, was left in peaceable possession of his home. Here he remained until 1850, when Mr. Brown bought him out and took possession of the place. During all this time, nearly sixty-five years, this farm has been in continuous cultivation. It has never been manured, nor has it needed it, and during all that time the fields have received no rest, except having been summer-fallowed three or four times. The crops growing upon it the present year are as fine as any in the State; the growth is luxuriant, and the yield will be as great as any previous year, notwithstanding its long and constant service. This farm and its present condition is a fair and practical illustration of the richness, productiveness and durability of the lands of the Willamette Valley.—*Salem Mercury*.

A DECIDED IMPROVEMENT.—Dave Ury, the waggish butcher of San Leandro, played a good joke on an expressman some time since, by sending the latter on a mission to purchase for him (Ury) a number of "straight meat hooks." The expressman, in his innocence, searched the city over, and provoked smiles in every meat market and hardware store by his inquiries. Dave had forgotten the circumstance, and the other day gave a similar order to the same expressman. The expressman came to the city, purchased a large number of meat hooks, took them to a blacksmith and had them made as straight as an arrow, and then took them to San Leandro, and made Ury pay not only the original cost of the hooks and the express charges, but the cost of straightening them also. Dave says the "straight hook" is a decided improvement—but a shade of sadness overspreads his usually sunny countenance when he says so.—*Oakland Tribune*.

COOL HEADED.—While the Turks were bombarding Giurgevo, Dr. Garlick, physician to the English embassy at St. Petersburg, stood at the window of a high tower in the market place and watched the shells as they burst above and below him. When the whole town was under fire and the former was a conspicuous mark for the Turkish gunners, the reckless Scotch surgeon insisted upon "seeing the thing out," and his friends fairly had to drag him away. At the bottom of the town a soldier was struck in the head by a fragment of a shell. The doctor ran up to him and bandaged his wounds, working as coolly and quietly under the terrible fire as he would have done in a hospital miles in the rear.

The King of Bavaria one day met a soldier with a wooden leg and asked him where he lost it. "In the war of 1866," replied the warrior, gruffly. "Don't you know me," asked the King, somewhat piqued at the soldier's manner. "No; how should I?" was the reply. "You don't go to the wars, and I don't go to the opera."

Among the officers who were killed on the heights opposite Galatz, when the Russians crossed the river, was Captain Paskiewitch, a descendant of the famous commander whose brilliant campaign in the Caucasus is one of the greatest achievements of the Russian arms.

A Vassar girl is about twenty years old when she graduates, but then she begins to grow younger after four or five years.

Domestic Ruin—The Fruits of Extravagant Living.

There is no denying that a good deal of the financial trouble that culminates in bankruptcy comes from extravagant living. Sometimes it is the man himself that saves the way for the sheriff, but quite often it is his family. A case in point as to the latter occurred not very long ago.

A New Yorker happened to meet, down town, an acquaintance from a neighboring city and dropped into conversation with him. After a few casual remarks the New Yorker asked about his friend's family, expressing a hope that they were well.

"Oh, I suppose they are," said Mr. J., rather indifferently.

"How is that?" asked the New Yorker. "I hope nothing has happened."

"Well, yes; something has happened," replied Mr. J. "The fact of the matter is I haven't seen my family in six months. You know I was doing a good business in B—, and the folks to home got to living way up. Nothing would satisfy them but the best. As long as I could afford it I let them have money right and left, but presently times got hard, business fell off and I found that I was going behind. I didn't want to alarm my family, but I hinted that a little economy was desirable. But they paid no attention. The demand for money went on just the same. Then I told them that they must economize, that I was absolutely unable to support them in such extravagance. It was no use, though; if I didn't give them cash they got credit, and the bills came to me. I stood it as long as I could, and I then said, 'Here, if you want live on what I can give you out of my business, take the business itself,' so I just made over the whole place to them and left. They ran it a few months, and then the Sheriff stepped in, and I haven't seen any of my family since. I tried hard to provide for them, but they wouldn't let me, and that is the result. I can hardly take care of myself now, and it is all on account of the extravagance at home."—*Hartford Times, New York Letter*.

Ohio Democratic Convention.

The Ohio Democratic State Convention Wednesday chose Hon. J. F. McKinney Chairman. R. M. Bishop, Hamilton county, was nominated Governor on the sixth ballot. The committee on resolutions then adopted a platform as follows: A strict construction of the constitution; home rule; supremacy of the civil over military power; equality of all citizens; no summary laws; opposition to all subsidies; public lands for actual settlers; common schools; regard the installation of Hayes, despite a majority vote for Tilden, as a most dangerous encroachment on popular rights; depression of industries due to vicious Republican legislation; demands the repeal of the resumption act; denounces demonetization of silver; demands a law restoring silver to a monetary power; favors the retention of greenbacks; and opposes further contraction; congratulates the country upon the pacific policy of local self-government, so long advocated by the Democracy and adopted by the administration, which has produced harmony in the South; the tariff should be one for revenue only; government should issue all the circulating medium, paper or metal, of equal tender, and interchangeable; condemns the use of federal troops to interfere with elections and politics. General Jabez W. Fitch, of Cuyahoga county, was nominated for Lieutenant Governor, Judge J. W. Okey for Supreme Judge, Isaiah Hellers Attorney General, and A. J. Howells State Treasurer.

EXTRAORDINARY RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A very extraordinary accident is reported to-day. Henry Croft and his wife, of Lancaster, were traveling this morning to Market Harborough, in the Scotch train. As the train was passing Crewe, about 6 o'clock, a sudden crash took place, and a long rod of iron, which was being carried in the opposite direction by a luggage train, completely decapitated Mrs. Croft and swept the greatest part of the carriage away. Her husband, sitting next to her, escaped unhurt, and their son, sitting opposite his mother, was not touched.—*Pall Mall Gazette, July 3d*.

A funny joke was perpetrated on a music-loving but anti-dancing Methodist minister of Alexandria, Minn., lately. He was at the village hotel displaying his skill on the festive violin to a number of amateur musicians, when a gay party of young folks in an adjoining parlor, thinking it too bad to have so much good music wasted, formed a cotillion and enjoyed themselves very much while the good Methodist brother played away with all his might, never for a moment suspecting that he played while they danced.

Hawkeye: A West Hill man named Rodolph Khanew was arrested last night for slapping his wife. We suppose he thought a man had a right to paddle his own Khanew.

Lager beer in Milwaukee is sold at the rate of three glasses for ten cents. Milwaukee is destined to be the great summer resort of the west.

No peace, parley or compromise with murderous redskins. "See et tuum" with powder and lead.—*Ex.*

Cousin Sally Dillard Outdone.

[From the Greensboro (N. C.) Patriot.]

The venire being empanelled, and the jury solemnly charged by the clerk, the commonwealth's attorney called in support of the indictment the witness Buck Bryant, who, being solemnly sworn the truth to tell, testified as follows:

Questioned by the commonwealth's attorney: Tell all you know about the cutting of the prosecutor by Cassady, the prisoner at the bar. Answer: "Well, gentlemen, it was election day—'twas a dark, cloudy, wet sort of a drizzly day, and says I to my old woman 'I believe I'll go down to Ringgold and 'posit my vote; and says my old woman to me, Buck, as it is a sort of dark, cloudy, wet sort of a drizzly sort of a day, says she, hadn't you better take your umbrella? Says I to the old woman, I 'spect I had better take my umbrella, and when I got down thar, Mr. Cole coined and says he, Uncle Buck, have you seed anything of old neighbor Harris? Says I to Mr. Cole, for why? Says he, he's got my umbrella. [The witness was here interrupted by the court, and told to confine himself to the actual fray between the prisoner and Cole, the prosecutor, in answer to which the witness remarked in a tone of indignant remonstrance: "Well, now, Mr. Judge, you hold on, for I am sworn to tell the truth, and I am agwine to tell it my own way, so taint worry you while for you to say nothing more about it." Whereupon the court and commonwealth's attorney, being anxious to get rid of the witness on any terms, told him to go on and tell the tale in his own way. "Well, as I was going to say, 'twas on 'lection day, Buchanan and Filmo was rummin' for the legislature, and says my old woman to me, says she, Buck, as it's a sort of a dark, cloudy, rainy, damp, drizzly sort of a day, hadn't you better take your umbrella? says she, says I to my old woman, says I, I 'spect I had better take my umbrella; so I took my umbrella and advanced on toward Ringgold till I 'rived thar. Well, the first thing I did when I got thar was to take a drink of Buchanan whisky, which was monstrous good, and says I to myself, says I, old hoss, you feel better don't you? And while I was advancing around, Mr. Cole, he comed to me, and says he, Uncle Buck, says he, have you seed anything of our neighbor Harris? Says I for why? Says he, the old cock's got my umbrella. After a while I 'posited my vote, and then Mr. Cole and me advanced on toward home, and Mr. Cole was tighter than I ever seed him.

"And so we advanced along till we got to whar the road path forked, and we took the right fork, as any other gentleman would, and after advancing awhile we arrived to old neighbor Harris, a 'settlin' on a log with the umbrella under his arm, and 'bout that time Elijah Cassady (the prisoner) comes up, and we advanced till we arrived at Elijah's house. Elijah is my nephew, and likewise my son-in-law; he married my darter Jane, which is next to my dear Sally. After we had advanced to Elijah's house, we stood in the yard a while a jawin', and presently two somebodies rid up on a hoss, which was Johnston before and Whitfield Cassady behind. Whitfield and Kiah Cassady being the same. Elijah and Kiah is brothers, both born in the natural way, like anybody else's brothers, no gals between 'em, and both of 'em is about the same age, especially Kiah, which are the youngest. Kiah was drunk, and he and Mr. Cole got to cussin one another about the politics, and I advanced into the house whar was Elijah's wife, which is next to my darter Sally. Well, after jawin' awhile with 'em, my little nephew says he to me, let's go home; says I, good pop, so we pegged on together, and I heard somebody a callin' me, but I never tentioned 'em, nor advanced back; well, got home and was eatin' my supper, and Elijah, which is my son-in-law, and married my darter Jane, arrived; and says he to me, Uncle Buck, says he, I've killed a man. Says I, the hell you have; and that's all I know about the stabbing, because I wain't thar."

The Sacramento Bee, in speaking of the rioters in San Francisco and their plans, says:

These rascals had a gorgeous programme for a carnival of riot and ruin. We have been forced to conclude, from the whispers, hints, insinuations, words and sentences dropped from bunches of excited men in the streets of that city on Monday last, that the effort would be, under cover of hatred of Chinese, to burn down Chinatown; being successful in that, to burn or destroy the property of those manufacturers who employ Chinese; then seize upon and burn the China steamers and the railroad property, and if by that time they had things their own way, go into the Bank of Nevada and despoil its vaults, and from that pass into the other banks, if they had the power.

Whatever preliminary havoc might be done, the real objective point of many was the Bank of Nevada; and not a few who had lost in stocks were desperate enough to join in such raid upon that bank in order to get even.

The Turkish soldiers are taller than the Russians. This must be the reason for their overlooking all the important movements of their northern enemies.

The Truckee Republican wants its citizens to take time by the fore-lock, and organize their forces.

Wages and Profits.

The Railway Age of July 5th contains a sensible article upon the reduction of salaries among railroad employees. The Age, however, makes no remark about a reduction of dividends among railroad owners. Labor works for wages and capital for profits. In depressed times, when employment is not readily obtained, labor lowers its demands for wages, competition settles their average. But capital fixed in a railroad calls for the same old-fashioned dividends on the stock, and is only satisfied and serene upon a semi-annual declaration of five per cent. on the dollar. There ought to be an equitable division of burdens between the employees and the owners of railroads. It is hardly the square thing to cut the salary of an office clerk ten per cent. on six hundred dollars, or the wages of a brakeman ten per cent. on five hundred dollars, or a station agent thirty dollars on three hundred dollars, in order that old Mr. Moneybags in New York or Boston or Philadelphia may gobble a ten per cent. dividend on his thirty or fifty thousand dollars of stock, which perhaps cost him twenty-five cents on the dollar, and has paid him ten per cent. on par for a dozen years back. Muscle and mind which operate and preserve the railroads for the public convenience should not take the whole burdens of hard times. Capital should come in for its share, too, and set an example for labor by taking lesser profits for itself, with the same sweetness which it commands labor to exhibit when its wages are shrunk at the rate of ten per cent. every six or twelve months.

Furthermore, while labor should economize and lay up money for a rainy day, and by no means expend each year all the wages, corporate capital, judiciously handled, should never declare and pay over to its owners as dividends each year all of its net earnings. Just as the laborer should economize and live within his means, so should capital in railroads economize in dividends and increase its outlay in betterments or repairs. Many of the roads out of Chicago are now more than middle-aged; and decaying bridges and rotten timbers of various sorts along their lines are indicating very plainly where, each year, more and more money will be required to keep the property up and in profitable condition. Either dividends must decrease now or stock, property, and mortgage upon the property, must decrease in value when the needed repairs are not made, and disasters on the roads work their inevitable decline. Dividends must come down with the wages, because money has no better claim than muscle and mind have for fair play and good pay, and no better right to devour all of its profits each year than labor has to annually eat up all its wages.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A Romance in Real Life.

An extraordinary story has just come to light at Bath. Some weeks ago there was received at the Bath Postoffice a letter addressed to "The Protestant Minister of the Circuit of Bath." The letter consequently reached the hands of Canon Brooke, rector of Bath. It came from a lady at Bangalore, India, and stated that in looking through the papers of a deceased son she found that he had left two children in the neighborhood of Bath, and she asked that they might be sought for. The inquiries set on foot revealed a highly romantic history. The two children were found—one in the Bath Union, and the other a domestic servant, filling a situation in which she had been sent by the authorities of the Dutton Union. They had each been left with farmers in the immediate neighborhood of Bath, by a person named Morton, who, twelve years ago, presented himself first at one house and then at the other. In each instance he claimed relationship, and, after a pretty lengthy visit, obtained permission to leave a child, which he and a woman who accompanied him and passed as his wife, represented as their only one. In introducing themselves they stated that they had come from India, and produced references to Anglo-Indian families of high position in Bath. They represented when they left the children that they were going to Scotland to visit relatives and would be back in a few weeks, and in one instance they promised to pay five shillings per week for the maintenance of the child. They were never afterwards heard of, and the two persons with whom the children had been left, mutually learning some months afterwards of the manner in which they had been duped, sent the children to the workhouse belonging to the respective district in which they resided, and there they remained for twelve years. On learning of their discovery the lady, who had at first written, £70 to Canon Brooke with a request that the children should be sent to India. The application was made known to the Guardians, who, after investigation, consented. Till the inquiries were set on foot each of the children was in ignorance of the existence of the other, and they will not only now meet their grandmother for the first time, but a brother younger than themselves.—*Birmingham (Eng.) Post*.

An old lady crossed over a bridge marked "Dangerous," without seeing the sign. On being informed of the fact on the other side she immediately recrossed it.

Indian Superstition.

For several nights past the wails of the Indian doctor, who has been trying after the fashion of his tribe to drive away the disease or exorcise the evil spirit which had taken possession of a member of his tribe named Jack, have been wafted on the breeze from the wicket of the sickman, on the ridge above town. In vain he howled and gesticulated, the spirit of Jack departed for the happy hunting grounds. Before he died, however, he requested that his wife and his wikip be burned, as he believed that she had bewitched him, and was the cause of his sickness. After the death of Jack his relatives and those of his wife held a council, and decided to carry out the will of Jack so far as his wikip was concerned, but to modify that part of it which related to his wife, by beating instead of burning her. They burned the camp where Jack had died and procured willow sticks with which to beat his wife but she, being informed of their determination, escaped in the night, and is now supposed to be with a brother in Paradise Valley. The Indians without exception seem to think that Jack's death was caused by the devilment of his wife Susie Jane, and while a few of the most sensible ones do not approve of burning the woman, all seem to think that she ought to be severely beaten.—*Silver State, 27th*.

JOHN BRIGHT ON THE AMERICAN STRIKE.

In John Bright's address at the unveiling of the Cobden memorial statue at Bedford, Wednesday, he referred to the disturbances in America as local insurrections. He said regarding the strike: It is one of the most deplorable and discreditable events that ever happened in the Northern States, so far as my knowledge goes. Bright continued by saying he attributed these disturbances to the evil effects produced by the policy of the United States in locking themselves up from the rest of the commercial world by onerous duties levied upon every class of manufactured articles which, if competition were open, would prevent labor from becoming unruly. He declared the prostration of the great iron industry was owing to a collapse arising from the general impoverishment of capitalists, which of itself would necessitate a great fall in wages. He concluded by saying he believed the excessive system of tariff heretofore levied for the protection of labor in America had received a death blow, and nothing could avert the change.

AUCTIONEERING TOMESTONES.

One of the most extraordinary auction sales which have ever taken place in this city is to occur here within a few days. It is to be nothing less than an auction sale of about \$20,000 worth of sepulchral monuments—tombstones, obelisks, weeping angels, figures of Hopes and Immortalities, lily-bearing Virtues, broken columns, emblematic of physical ruins; funeral urns in marble, and multitudinous variety of dismal things in forms of lugubrious splendor. Most of the figures, etc., are of Cararra marble. They are to be sent to this city by some Eastern firm, who finds the rate of mortality in his neighborhood too low for a profitable business. There will be, we are told, about 150,000 pounds of monumental stone sold, and the sale will probably be amusing, especially if W. O. Davis, who has a fund of wit for auction occasions, is to be the auctioneer. It will be rather a solemn occasion, however, and it will need something of reckless daring to utter lively jokes while surrounded by the emblems of death. Where the sale will take place we have not been able to learn.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

The following card is published in the San Francisco papers. It is to be hoped that a thorough opportunity may be given to white men and boys to take the place of the Chinese. Everything possible should be done, and careful statistics of the result preserved:

Editor Post:—Please inform our manufacturers and other business men now discharging their Chinese hands that hundreds of boys daily appeal to the Youth's Directory for employment. Among the applicants are lads trained and qualified to do almost any kind of work. They are all willing to render faithful service at the lowest wages offered. The late disturbances in this city were caused by misguided youths out of employment. Give them a chance to earn a living.

A. P. DIETZ,
Supt. 1417, Howard street.

Passengers who arrived from San Francisco by the lightning express train this morning, say that the entire population of that city is alarmed at the turn affairs are taking, believing that, far from being ended, the riots are just begun. A demand was made upon the Central Pacific Railroad Company last Tuesday, that it discharge within seven days all Chinese employed by it. The company has as yet made no reply to this demand.—*Va. Chronicle*.

The Virginia Chronicle had an interview with a returned Cointoecker, who said that men who rode into the Black Hills walked out. Another bubble which paid the railroads.

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Saturday,.....July 28th, 1877.

Those Predictions.

The Democratic press has at length found a crumb of comfort in the anonymous declaration that the millennium will arrive in 1880. They say that Hayes has adopted a Democratic policy, and hence the truth and eternal might of their principles have been vindicated. If one were to ask what Hayes has done which the Democratic party would have accomplished, the answer would be extremely slow. The success of Democracy at the late election might have been a prelude to some reforms, but there was a promise of abrupt change which would have generated greater evils. If the Democrats had conceived the political reforms which our President has inaugurated, they would have failed in their prosecution. Why? Democracy would have tried to eliminate everything which savored of Republicanism; an unreasoning hate rules them which would not countenance the virtues of a previous rule. It would have been entirely impossible for them to have taken a course which recognized the good of the past sixteen years. Change was their war cry, and in that change we should have lost much for which we have paid dearly.

Hayes has, however, lived with the past success and will defend it. He has inherited the good results of Republican war and peace, and now proposes to enlarge and perpetuate them. The fact that he is mainly in rebuking ancient abuses, only proves that they form no part of Republican success. Hayes believes that Republicanism is the popular creed, and when he looks around upon an intelligent nation he resolves that bitter partisans are not necessary to the party success. Democrats oppose him because there is danger that he may, while strictly within Republican tenets, prove that every good which Democracy could contemplate is comprehended in the broad principles of his party. They are, therefore, befouling his name in every possible way and depending upon Blaine to split the party ranks. Blaine will do no such thing. He believes that the new policy is impracticable, but will hardly lend himself to its defeat without giving a fair trial. We ask whether Hayes is not striking at the very evils which came near defeating his own party. His methods may be questioned but not his motives. We ask Democrats whether they are not afraid of a split in their own ranks; whether they are not in a fair way to win over the intelligent element of their party, and why, above all, if Hayes is carrying out reform, are you so anxious that he should be embarrassed by opposition?

Hayes is showing the strength of his party principles and will in 1880 secure for them the popular vote of the Union.

The Idaho Indian Hunt.

To our mind, there is no one policy of our Government which is so defective as that which essays to protect the frontier. Here is a nation complete in every resource which aids in enforcing its laws and protecting its citizens. We have the experience of one hundred years to work upon, and the history of countless murders to warn us of Indian treachery. We have ledger accounts showing the enormous expenditures which our savages have forced upon the Government, and yet we are not protected any more than we were one hundred years ago. It is merely by surfeiture that the pioneer explores new territories and moves onward with the spreading wave towards our unsettled possessions. There is no tribe

upon which we can count for fidelity, and there is no settlement in the territories which is secure from massacre. It may be said that we have no right to intrude on Indian territory, yet the Statesman knows that a restless and aggressive people will never stop until the last inch of this continent has been examined. Then why not provide for the *ultimatum* at once? What virtue is there in ceding unknown lands to the Indian, when we know that another year will prove its wealth and lure the progressive American across its border? What virtue in pursuing a treacherous foe with life and drum, and while professing peace and good-will, carrying out a policy which means extermination?

Has this Government a right to sell its lands to the settler, who buys in good faith, builds his home and pays tribute, without protecting his life and property against the savage, who has no law or sense of justice? \$8,000,000 annually expended upon the Indian service is not sufficient to prevent yearly outbreaks and consequent bloodshed. Is there not, then, something defective in such a policy? The matter will adjust itself in time, since we are trading eight white men for one Indian. But is such a policy calculated to colonize our territories or inspire newcomers with respect for our laws?

Why is it that a Government which boasts of 40,000,000 subjects cannot prevent the infraction of its laws by polygamous monsters in one territory, or subdue the blood thirst of 200,000 savages?

A Mistake.

The County Central Committee made a silly mistake last Monday in closing its doors and going through all the mummeries of a secret session. It is generally supposed that committee work is nothing to be ashamed of, and hence we see no reason why members of the party should not be admitted to its meetings. The idea that something is being done now which voters must not understand is hurtful to the party, and casts discredit upon the management. There was certainly nothing done yesterday which should have been kept from voters, except it was desired to keep them from knowing that Mr. Jamison had been given the power of appointing his successor, and that he had aided in giving to the advocates of the "compromise" entire control of the committees. It may have been feared that Mr. J.'s action might prejudice his position, and that voters might dislike being ruled by men whose "abolition record" was distasteful. But all of these things will be talked of, and there was hence no virtue in a secret session. The management of party matters should be open to the criticism of voters, and the crew which cannot work without closed doors, whether they be "Bonanza" or "Railroad Satellites," will find a rebuke at the polls. Rule if you can, by all means, but let's have it done with open doors and in a proper way.

In 1880 the Democratic party comes into power. Hayes has made this fact one of the inevitables. After that the deluge. Blaine looks to 1884, not to 1880.—*Ex.*

Blaine does no such thing, nor will the Democratic party meet with success in '80. Hayes will prove before that time that every good feature of Democracy is comprehended in and native to Republicanism.

The ring fight in San Francisco is waxing warm. The *Chronicle* seems to be victorious before the county Grand Jurors, and the same is right. The people should give justice but not vengeance. The general opinion seems to be that Sargent has made a great mistake by his course and that he is practically out of the contest. Who is doing all this?

Mighels beseeches carpenters to put in bids for the new Carson school house and says they can aid the cause of education, and adds:

"Delightful task, to play the tender flute,
And teach the young idea how to shoot."
Poetry and jack-plains, flute-playing and saw-filing—fit emblems of the editor's work.

The people and politicians of Nevada are not highly esteemed in the Atlantic States.—*S. F. Mail.*

They will compare favorably with the Australian male.

Old John C. Fall, of Humboldt county, will, it is said, spend \$100,000 for the U. S. Senatorship. Pawning has already made for some of it.—*Tribune.*

The Great Labor Riot.

From West Virginia to Erie, Pennsylvania, the railroads are blocked, and thousands of men surround the depots and construction shops, ready to enforce their demands against the corporations. A return to the old rate of wages is demanded in most places, while in others the request means that wages sufficient to keep their families from actual want will restore quiet among the laborers. These demands have not as yet been conceded, but the strikers have gone far enough to show that hard necessity has forced them into revolt, and they will fight for the issue. Many persons have been killed and wounded; \$5,000,000 worth of property has been destroyed, and incendiarianism, mob law and armed violence are openly indulged in, defiance of law. Such a state of things shows that the laboring classes have wrongs which should be redressed. No transient cause for discontent could assemble thousands of men and lead them to break the law in this manner, and an immediate concession will be the wisest course. A wave of insurrection gains strength as it spreads, and corporations may easily find their barks wrecked, before it reaches the shore in quietness. We believe that the crisis is brought about by a habitual disregard of the laborers who build up and add profit to capital. Millionaires are too apt to think that the life of a laborer is only a commodity to be bought at prices which capital shall name. It is assumed that the increase of the laboring class can be depended upon to increase the profit upon investment through a cheapening of labor. This is fallacious and will inevitably lead to conflict and friction until we reach the basis of legitimate profit. The rule seems to be with us, that we have too much prosperity at times. Profit gets to be too large during flood-tide, and when reaction comes a vain attempt is made to maintain high rates of interest. Such demands are refused and lack of confidence ensues from whence comes conflict and final loss. It was highly necessary that corporations should pay for some such lesson as they are now learning, not that mob violence should be upheld in any respect but that there might be an understanding between employer and employee; that he of the golden crown may respect the toiler's sceptre and beware how he underestimates its power. The people are always slow to act in breaking their own laws, but when men hazard their lives in such a cause there is danger in persistence against their demands.

Railroad Talk.

The desire for internal improvements seems to be taking hold of our people, and they look forward with approval to any project for better communication and competition between the different producing regions of our coast. This tendency, if fostered, will have an effect in settling and improving property which borders upon proposed routes, and will encourage active prospecting and settlement. But at present there is little prospect of any immediate improvement in transportation facilities.

A road has been projected and surveyed from Winnemucca, via Lassen Pass. Another, from Susanville to Chico, is now spoken of, and receives much favorable comment from the journals along its proposed route. The *Lassen County Farmer* considers the work nearer fulfillment than has been supposed, and the *Colusa Sun* and *San Francisco Call* try to demonstrate the profitable nature of such an investment. A narrow gauge road between Reno and the superb timber lands about Lassen Pass has been talked of until the people tire of hearing its name. An extension of the V. & T. towards the South to take in the timber and resources of that region has been spoken of, and yet nothing has been done in any of these directions.

A late rumor that the C. P. R. R. would force a reduction on the V. & T. or build a rival line to the Comstock, is now growing quieter, and the probable end of that movement can not be predicted. We shall some day have competing lines, and competition in our market, but we have had enough talk now. Let some body set the shovels in motion and we may then have something worth speaking of.

The Missouri Senate has passed a bill offering \$10,000 for the discovery of a sure cure for hog cholera.

What Is the Reason?

In discussing the causes and results of the great railroad strike many facts are brought out which require explanation. Within six months, according to the *New York Herald*, thirty-two roads, representing nearly \$50,000,000 of stock and over \$75,000,000 of debt, have been sold, and receivers have been appointed for sixteen roads with stock and debt amounting to over \$150,000,000. The sympathy of press and people seems to be with the strikers, barring the lawless method in which their claims have been urged. These facts cause us to revert to the old assertion so often made and so clearly true, that Americans run under too high a pressure. If we have a profitable enterprise it must immediately prejudice its existence in the attempt to rival everything else of its kind. The fact that the almighty dollar makes our laws and defines our liberties has gained so much strength from the past years that we are all racing for its possession. The dollar will do anything and hence corporations can rule us through wealth against advice of statesmen. The fact that the people are powerless against an array of moneyed influence does much to magnify the evils and encourage men in the belief that through corporations they can rule. Then comes the race amongst giants. Cut-throat competition is made possible by the power to bleed the people. There must be battles of money as there are contests between principles. The largest safewins, and the vanquished goes to the wall with debts amounting to millions. In struggling for control and warding off bankruptcy the old source is appealed to—the people bled freely—but a time comes when the fountain is dry and then the directors flee, and the consequences of their failure descend upon the people. The possible harm which corporations may do should alone be a reason for curtailing their power to reasonable limits. We are not now assuming to be above any such practice as we have described, on the other hand our estimable friends Smith and Brown would be just as eager in defense of monopolists as they now are in reproof, if they owned a railroad. But the fact is patent that unless the great powers of corporations be restricted we will yet have a war against it. The people will not forever submit to a power which can thwart and amend their laws or make them of no avail.

Every American has the right to aspire. He may become wealthy or famous, however lowly his birth may have been. But if we are to admit that money can rule us, can modify or avert justice, can extort or bribe at will, what do we admit? Just this: that American ambition is one of the worst foes to American institutions; that the vicious may rule by virtue of possessions and that no principle is safe from the changing power of gold. We all want to be at the ladder's top, and the unscrupulous one who steps upon others' heads attains the height. In the scramble many fall back with their burdens, maiming and bruising those beneath. If now the people attempt to tear down the ladder it must inevitably fall upon some of their number. Is it then best to have it down, out of sight and mind, or have we the power to move it? There is much in the present condition of affairs which should command immediate attention. If the present evil be allowed to grow it will result some day in a communistic war. The lesson which Eastern roads are now learning will apply, without illustration, to other corporations. Let us not inveigh against them passionately and without reason, but let us warn them honestly that the people are suffering through their avarice, thirst for power, and mismanagement. The time will come when they will suffer no longer.

"Stocks have brought me to this, California owes me a coffin—no more." These words were written on a sheet of paper found in the pocket of one George Taylor, who shot himself on Polson street, San Francisco, on Friday last.—*Ex.*

Well, what are you going to do about it. There are railroad markets in the East; stock markets in the West. The rich grow richer; water runs to the ocean. That is all.

A fire in the Lick House, San Francisco, Sunday, destroyed the dining room of that establishment, the most magnificent dining saloon in the world. There were ten fire alarms in the city, but little comparative damage.

Unnecessary.

The *Austin Reveille*, which is, by the way, the only funny paper published in this State, is very angry because we tried a squib at its expense. We assure the *Reveille* that we never thought, knew or cared anything whatsoever in regard to its standing upon the question named. If the *Silver State* printed "bought instead of brought," it did not require your time and thought to establish the fact, and if we made a mistake, why do you rate it so seriously. The fact is, however, that we made no mistake; that the *Silver State's* sentence was so worded: that its meaning was very obscure, and it was this construction that we criticized, taking no thought of the meaning which it was intended to convey. The *Reveille* has always taken some pains, in its brilliant way, to convince people that we were making sad work in running a newspaper. In fact, there seems to be some especial attraction for the able editor in an abuse of this paper. We acknowledge the force and energy of the *Reveille* thoroughly; we will never question its standing among the papers of Austin. We don't know that it was ever bought out, and don't propose to say so; but one thing we will say, and that is, that if such a transaction were ever consummated, the buyer would get a bargain. He would have things then, sure. He could pry them around to suit himself, for the *Reveille* is a sort of Archimedean lever, which, with a proper location, would "move the world."

Nevada County.

The campaign in our neighboring county of California will commence about August 10th, and indications point towards a lively time. The principal issue seems to be the Chinese question, and all sorts of charges have been set afloat in regard to the bearing of different candidates towards the Mongolian. The *Republican* was full yesterday of denials on behalf of the candidates whose positions have been questioned. Among others we notice the name of B. F. Bacon as one who explains satisfactorily some rumors in regard to himself. We believe that Bacon is one of the soundest of the sound on the question named; but these are election times, you know, and although a man be honest he will be called upon to prove it numberless times.

MISINFORMED.—The Virginia papers published yesterday the intelligence that a strike had been meditated on the C. P. line, and that concession to demands made alone, prevented it. It was said that each engineer between Ogden and San Francisco had been instructed to quit work on Monday last unless the old wages were again the rule. Sam Jenkins, a prominent member of the Brotherhood, informs us that the assertions are untrue in every respect. No demands have been made upon the C. P. Company, and if such had been the case Mr. J. would have known it. We correct the matter because it is unjust to the Brotherhood of Engineers and railroad employees generally. When well treated their object is to be efficient workmen and not to make threats in such ways as described. The organization of strikers is not the prime object of this Brotherhood by any means, and when innocent of such intentions they should not be accused. If our coast is free from mob law let us not take particular pains to claim it.

NOTES OF THE STRIKE.—President Gowen of the Reading Railroad has offered a reward of \$10,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the parties who fired the Lebanon valley bridge at Reading Sunday night. A telegram from McKeesport, Pennsylvania, says the iron workers in the National tube works, Wood & Co.'s iron mills and other manufacturing establishments, have struck. Steps have been taken to suppress the riotous conduct of the employees of the Government printing office in Washington, who passed resolutions encouraging to the strikers.

The Carson *Appeal* of Saturday says the railroad movement in Truckee is far from settled, and seems to doubt the truth of the rumors in regard to reduction.

The adventurous idiot who started across the Atlantic in a ten-foot schooner has arrived. Hope he will attempt the return voyage.

NEWS OF THE GREAT EASTERN STRIKE.

Trains Stopped—The Strike Extending—A Number of Police, Soldiers and Rioters Killed.

Monday night a large fire was started in Reading, Penn. The strikers turned out in large force, and commenced on a large scale the work of destruction. Seven policemen and thirty rioters were killed before order was restored.

At Buffalo, N. Y., the mob started out on their work of devastation, and were fired upon by a company of soldiers, wounding five or six of the rioters and killing an unknown number. Two soldiers were killed and several wounded. Quiet now prevails.

The strikers have been quelled at Pittsburgh and order restored.

No trains left St. Louis or Chicago Tuesday. At Indianapolis all trains had been stopped. Gov. Williams and the Mayor of the city refused to interfere with the strikers. No great damage had then been done, but the rioters had full control. Fears are entertained that the strike will extend to the Eastern States and New York City. Should New York roughs take part in the strike a most fearful riot would prevail. All the authorities are keeping a close watch, and every precautionary measure will be observed. It is thought that the extreme violence of the strike is over. The railroad companies have rescinded their reduction orders. It is presumed that order will soon be restored, and the trains resume their regular trips. No trains ran into Chicago Tuesday. It is believed that the greatest damage has been done by the roughs, and that much sympathy has been felt and aid extended to the strikers by the best citizens.

Mass Meeting of Laboring Men in San Francisco Last Night.

Riot Among the Hoodlums.

Last Monday one of the largest mass meetings ever held in San Francisco was held in the new City Hall. Ten thousand laboring men were present. Perfect order prevailed, and the speeches made were of a mild character. The workmen were strongly advised not to use violence. The various phases of the fearful strike in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana were presented, and sympathy for the strikers expressed. At ten o'clock the meeting adjourned.

At its close, however, a large mob, composed principally of the hoodlum class, was formed, and marched noisily and irregularly through the principal streets of the city. Every Chinese wash-house that could be found was demolished, and had its tenants been found they would have been killed. A hoodlum threw a stone against a kerosene lamp, breaking it into pieces, and scattering the burning oil in some clothing. The fire was thus communicated to the building and it with an adjoining one burned. A gas fixture shop was taken to be a Chinese house and was destroyed before the mistake was discovered. The mob then moved down the street and was met at the corner by a band of police, who succeeded in dispersing the riotous procession, and order was restored. Considerable excitement prevailed.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.—We commend, as conspicuously politic and eminently wise, the action of the Central Pacific Company in maintaining the current rates of wages of their employees, under present circumstances. It indicates in the managers of that powerful corporation a vivid appreciation of the fitness of things. It is a proper act and fittingly done. Its wisdom and its beneficence are alike past dispute. It makes labor contented, does justice to subordinates, and secures prosperity to the principals. We are unwilling to hunt for selfish motives as promoting the action. It is so good in spirit, so full of justice in theory, and so laden with happiness in its effects, that we accept it as an evidence of wisdom in their counsels and humanity in their hearts.—*S. F. Post.*

That sounds to us like a boy trying to "speak a piece" with a trade dollar in his mouth.

Says the *Virginia Chronicle*: At one of the C streets restaurants, it is alleged, the waiter drops a drug in the mush, which brings on a slight griping of the bowels, and the customer doesn't want any beefsteak. He pays for his grub all the same, and the profit on the meal is forty-five cents.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

Notes.

We took our customary jaunt thro' the country last Sunday and were amply repaid for the ride. In almost every field were long stacks of hay in process of construction, and in some places the alfalfa had already been removed and the second crop was springing up. The crop will be, we think, one-fourth larger than during previous years, not counting the new land which for the first time gives a crop. We noticed also cheerful signs of permanent improvement upon every hand. The roads have been much improved. The right hand Glendale road, under Mr. Stevens' management, being in better form than ever before. The North road has also been very much improved, and we recommend that the road supervisor take pains to keep water out of these roads and maintain the present state of improvements. The cottonwoods and poplars are all in full leaf and made the roads pleasant in the extreme. We would assure the ranchers that these green trees are the rarest monuments to their thrift and energy and hope that large numbers may be set out during the present year.—Glendale is the prettiest spot which we have seen in the State. The cottonwoods have branched until the lane is nearly overshadowed, the green fields add to their beauty, and the music of the river completes a pastoral scene which is full of rest and quiet beauty.—Dean & Martin will take in about 350 tons, all told, and the surrounding ranches are unusually productive this year.—If you want a pleasant ride go to Glendale. If you want to know what supports Reno and makes it grow, visit the honest farmer and measure his crops.

REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE MEETING.—At 1 o'clock Monday the Republican County Central Committee met at the office of J. S. Gilson. Present Wm. Duck, Chairman, R. McKinney, S. M. Jamison, C. C. Powning, J. P. Foulks, R. P. M. Kelley and M. J. Smith, full committee. The object of the meeting was to take action in reference to the case of Postmaster Jamison. It being held that he could not in accordance with President Hayes' order perform the duties of committeeman at the same time that he holds a Government office. Mr. Jamison, however, refused to resign and was sustained in his position by the following vote: For resignation—Messrs. Smith, Kelley and Foulks. Against resignation—Messrs. Powning, McKinney, Jamison and Duck. The affirmative party then withdrew from the meeting. The remaining members who constituted a quorum then appointed the following gentlemen as Executive Committee: Duck, Powning and McKinney. The meeting then adjourned, subject to the call of the Chairman. We are just informed by one of the committee that its session was secret and the press excluded; also that a motion was made to make the meeting a private one, with the following vote: Ayes, Powning, McKinney, Duck and Jamison; nays, Smith, Foulks and Kelley.

We just learn that McKinney was absent, and that Mr. Powning held his proxy vote.

RETURN TO FORMER WAGES.—Two weeks ago an order was sent from the head authorities of the C. P. R. R. that the wages of all the employees of the railroad were reduced 10 per cent. Last Saturday the following order was telegraphed from Division Superintendent Free to the C. P. employees:

TRUCKEE DIVISION,
Wadsworth, July 22, 1877.
To all Concerned:—Referring to order of a reduction of about 10 per cent. in wages of employees has been so modified as to make the payments in silver and not make reduction by per centage.
FRANK FREE,
Division Superintendent.

The same order has been made on the Sacramento Division, and we presume on all the other divisions of the C. P. R. R. It seems that the great heart of Stanford & Co. has become conscience smitten, or does the company fear the apparent dissatisfaction justly created by a 10 per cent reduction in wages?

McFarlin's whistle sounds cheerily in the back door, and tells a good story of Mac's enterprise.

THE GUILTY.—The murderers of Holland and Carter, at the Moapo Indian reservation, are thus described by the *Eureka Sentinel*:

McManus, who was leader of the band, is a native of Arkansas, and is about 27 years of age. He was shot in the right shoulder at the time of the killing, and after the murder and during his tramp through the wilderness, his arm became full of maggots, which he was constantly taking out with a stick.

C. Newman is a youngish man, about 24 years of age, swarthy complexion, five feet eight inches high; has traveled through Arizona, Utah and Southern California; came originally from Pennsylvania.

Jessie Sloan has red hair, a florid face, five feet seven inches in height, throws his shoulders well back when walking, riding or sitting; claims to be from Tennessee; is well known in Southern California.

Wm. Dean is a native of Missouri; of a dark, swarthy complexion; five feet ten inches high; he is also well known in Southern California; occupation is that of a goat raiser and sheep shearer; claims to have been in search of a ranch to which to bring his goats from California.

They will be taken to Reno for trial, passing through Eureka on their way.

SURVEYED.—The grounds of the meat shipping association have been surveyed and are now being cleared of sagebrush. Mr. Benham has the contract for building the stone foundation, and has already commenced operations. Mr. Wood will probably erect the superstructure. The building will be 60x40 and one story high. The east half of the building will be used as a slaughter house. A car track will extend some 40 or 50 feet into the building from the west end. To the right and left of the track, or in the southwest and northwest quarters of the building will be the refrigerators. A south wing will be used as a canning department, while an addition on the north side will be used for a hide department.

LAPSES L.—Two lawyers to the country went, on fees and recreation bent, and this was how it happened: The one had spoken to the point, the other to his case amount must use some flowery diction. Quoth he: "When in the country wild, amidst it cares and breezes mild, my heart is filled with joy; I'm glad with farmers here to meet to look out on this waving wheat." "Hold on," said 'other, "tain't wheat, it's oats; I object to misrepresentation." Whereat the farmers laughed. They tell it on each other and it happened in Franktown.

BED BUGS, ANOY!—We have been shown various testimonials received by A. H. Barnes, and which go to prove the value of Brummer's Insect and Vermin Destroyer. We are convinced that Mr. Barnes is offering an article of superior merit, and he goes on to say that "No cure, no pay" is his rule. Testimonials without limit can be furnished to those desiring the same, and we recommend a trial. Brummer's invention is a sure cure, and there is no excuse for the disorderly conduct of bed bugs when the means for correction is at hand. Try it.

CRACKED WHEELS.—The wheel tapers at this place discovered two cars on the tea train last Sunday evening which had cracked wheels, and accordingly they were "set out" on a side track for repairs. Jack-screws were brought into use, the cars raised from the trucks, and new wheels substituted for the broken ones. Two new wheels were put under each car, and the job, which is not the nicest in the world, was done in a very short time. The cars were sent east on the overland passenger train.

STOP.—Sunday night some hilarious individual took occasion to relieve the exuberance of his spirits by firing his pistol twice in the street. A pistol shot does no particular harm as long as there is no one in the way to stop it. But it has long been acknowledged that even the most accurate roysterer will sometimes make mistakes. A few fines judiciously administered might correct this matter—try it.

TEA.—A large tea train, consisting of about forty cars, passed through Reno last Sunday afternoon on the way to New York. This class of freight is guaranteed time, and the tea trains travel nearly as fast as the passenger trains. About all the tea used in the East is shipped overland from San Francisco, and it is surprising what an immense amount is transported in the course of a year.

JUSTICE'S COURT.—Prescott, the high-toned vag, left Monday night for Truckee. In case he shows up in Reno in a few days, he will be provided with twenty days' rations by the county.

At ten o'clock Tuesday morning the court-room was crowded with lawyers and others desirous of hearing the evidence in the case of the People vs. Dr. C. W. Detzel. District Attorney Cain, C. S. Varian and Pierce Evans appeared for the prosecution. The complaint set forth that Dr. Detzel, on or about the 21st of July, practiced medicine in Reno without having due authority so to do. Mr. Cain, who it seems had examined both sides of the case, and particularly the defense, moved that the case be dismissed on the grounds of insufficient evidence against the said medico, and also that the Doctor's infraction of the law, if he had violated it, was so slight that no jury could be found to convict him, and further, that the trial would be a long and expensive one to the county, without accomplishing any good results.

The other attorneys squirmed a little, but Cain had the floor and produced satisfactory evidence that his position in the matter was correct. From the brief examination of Dr. Betzel and his diploma and letters, it was ascertained that in 1834 he had graduated in the medical department of the Royal University of Munich, Bavaria, and had been a regular practitioner in Europe and the United States since that time. That on the 13th of July he had shipped his effects to Racine, Wisconsin, and therefore had no intention of remaining in Reno. Mr. Cain then read the late defective law in reference to the necessity of physicians having their diplomas recorded, briefly argued the case and submitted it to the Justice. Attorney Chas. Varian made a few remarks in behalf of the direct prosecution of the case. Justice R. then dismissed the case and saved the county the needless expenditure of several dollars.

A SICKENING SIGHT.—Last Monday afternoon Mr. R. A. Branton, who is breaking several of his fine colts, saddled one of them for a negro who offered to ride him. The rider mounted but was quickly thrown, fortunately without injury. Encouraged by this escape the darkey showed his pluck by mounting again. The colt bucked down Center street and when opposite Wintemantel's hotel the negro was seen to lose his balance and fall over backwards; he held on to the reins and the colt was thrown upon its rider. The horse rose quickly, lifting the negro by one foot which caught in the stirrup, and a shudder passed over the spectators as they saw his head dragging at the horse's heels. The colt's foot, however, had caught in the halter some way and this was all that saved the unfortunate man's life. Several persons ran to his aid, when the horse reared once more and the rider's foot broke across the instep, thus freeing him from the stirrup. We like to describe things from personal observation, but we should refuse to attend another frightful spectacle like that.

EDITORIAL VISIT.—E. A. Littlefield, editor and manager of the *Elko Post* and *Tuscarora Times*, was in Reno Tuesday in search of muscle and brain to aid him in his work. Littlefield speaks in the highest terms of Tuscarora's prospects, and predicts that the Grand Prize will win its suit, although at the cost of some trouble and inconvenience. The *Times* is prospering, as it deserves to, and the *Elko Post* still reflects the spirit and prosperity of that thriving burg. Mr. Littlefield will probably visit San Francisco before his return to the great East.

GONE BELOW.—Isaac Chamberlain, our genial under-sheriff, went below lately. We understand that he meditates having an operation performed upon the eye which has caused him so much trouble lately. It may be necessary to remove the diseased eye entirely. We hope, however, that our friend may escape this hardship.

ANOTHER REASON.—Another reason why we ask you to take the *WEEKLY GAZETTE* is found in the fact that it is the only weekly paper published between Omaha and San Francisco which has the literary and selected matter necessary for general circulation.

The present high winds are calculated to throw discredit upon the ice cream business—also dust into the tooter's eyes.

County Hospital.

Wednesday we took a run out to the County Hospital. We found everything about the place neat, in good order, and the patients faring capitably. There are at present twelve patients at the hospital. Among the number is an old lady who has lived nineteen years beyond the allotted three score and ten. She is very frail, but with unusual cheer said, "Yes; I'm improving. I'm a little lame, but my foot is getting better." She is the picture of age, but gives promise that her days may yet be many. There are a few improvements which might be made to the building, at a small cost to the county. Among these may be mentioned a porch around the building. This would afford protection to the patients from the sun's rays when they chose to escape from the sick room. There should also be some additional conveniences to the bath room. At present all water must be carried to and from it in buckets. The kitchen should be provided with a washing sink and a few other minor conveniences. A small library would be highly appreciated by the sick. Many of us have books which we could and should contribute to such a library. Dr. Bishop, the county physician, will take pleasure in receiving and placing all books left at his office on Virginia street in the hands of the county sick and poor. The building has just been insured, the completion of the necessary steps being taken to-day. The poor farm and buildings are admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are designed. The hospital is carried on with little expense to the county, and those who have charge of affairs efficiently and satisfactorily attend to their respective duties.

STEADILY IMPROVING.—Our Washoe county farmers are steadily improving their methods, and we hope before long to note the fact that their profits are increased accordingly. The system of drainage lately inaugurated near Glendale is spreading, and soon the entire valley will be redeemed from alkali and tules. The enterprise as first projected included a central drain ditch and north drain; these two united and from them to the river a canal was constructed. These ditches drained a large portion of the valley, and were doing much good, but now sub-drains and canals are commenced, connecting with each other and effectually caring for the waste water used in irrigation. The damage which has often resulted from the flow of waste will now be prevented, and while the ground will never be so wet and swampy, the drainage will slowly filter the alkali from the soil. We believe, also, that the season of growing crops may be lengthened in our climate by a thorough drainage of the soil. The farmers are also learning that rotation at long intervals is also necessary to the maintenance of fertility, and that one crop will in time exhaust the soil. Healthy signs, these, and we note them with pleasure.

AFTER THEM.—Wm. Lane, Deputy U. S. Marshal, left Reno for Pioche on Saturday night last. He will have company on the return voyage in the person of the murderers of Holland and Carter at the Moapo Indian reservation. We are informed that there are four murderers and three witnesses. These last were asked to give bonds for their appearance, and in default were committed and will be brought in also. It seems rather rough to imprison a man just for seeing something, but such is the law for such cases provided. Holland will be remembered as a witness in the case of Logan Cummins, and others, before U. S. Commissioner Julien. The present case will be tried at Carson.

WHISKEY VS. INDIANS.—It is now proposed to turn those who sell whiskey to the Indians over to the U. S. Marshal, and have them tried. According to a late decision of the Supreme Court, the penalty of two years imprisonment can be imposed. That is no more than the crime deserves.

NEW STORE.—Chas. Knust, who is known by everyone nearly in Washoe county, has opened a fine little store on the west side of Virginia street. Chas. says a few pleasant words elsewhere. Peruse his ad. and then call on the accommodating gentleman himself.

The firm of DeSanfilier and LaChapelle has been dissolved.

Jottings.

A large quantity of bailing rope arrives daily, by which sign we know that the farmer will soon take a benefit.

District Court will hold its next session August 1st. The first day will be "court day."

The next semester of the Episcopal Seminary will commence August 2d. The *Appeal* tells of two Washoe Indians who were arrested and enlisted in the chain gang for drunkenness. Why can't we try that! The noble red man will surely keep sober rather than work.

We are in receipt of a well written inquiry in reference to the frequency of several recent incendiary attempts to burn certain buildings in town. The communication is too personal for insertion, and refers to a matter which will subsequently be fully ventilated.

It is discouraging to see a book agent at the front gate with a twelve dollar book when there is no bread in the house.

The *Tuscarora Times* thinks that J. C. Hagerman will be the Democratic candidate for Governor at the next State election.

Chas. Knust has opened his store on Virginia street. Chas. has a fine variety of articles, such as cigars, tobacco, stationery, pictures, cutlery, etc. Give Charles a call; he is one of our square men.

The small boy still persists in carrying the dangerous "flipper." We would just as soon be shot with a "flipper" as with a revolver.

Zephyrs are turning ripe.

The small-pox patients who were for two weeks or more at the County Hospital are now en route to the Eastern States.

Rev. Wm. Lucas gives a glowing description of his visit to Oakland. He was absent eight weeks and while rusticating gained several pounds. He will officiate at the Trinity Church next Sabbath. Mrs. L. still remains in Oakland. Her eyes have rapidly improved.

Laycock's monkeys, at Osburn & Shoemaker's drug store furnish a source of amusement to many. The same gentleman is engaged in painting the "knotty question." Our citizens will have the pleasure of seeing some fine work executed by Mr. L. and placed on exhibition at the State fair.

Reno is the purgatory for this part of creation.—*Soc. Bee.*
That's rough on Carson, which is the next place further on.

TWADDLE.—We don't like to encourage the abuse of veracity, and therefore conclude to tell just what they said: Cain had been in every portion of the inhabitable globe, from Duxbury to Mercator's projection. Had served as a common deck-hand and seen the waves run "mountain high," the wind "blowing great guns," &c., &c. Was born in Calais, Maine, and was a self-made man. Had a case at 3 o'clock and an appointment with one of the defendants.

Varian was in Bombay in '66 loading cotton. Had served his time and had the papers. Was also a self-made man.

His Honor, C. Richardson, J. of the Peace, had also been in Bombay in 1861, as a reporter for a daily paper. He used to study law in the Police Court. Also self-made.

Barlow, better known as Sweet William, said he had been in all the places named, and in '61 was "cleaning horses at Blue Tent for the California Stage Company." Also self-made man.

Cossitt was the last, and he said, "In '61 I was drinking lager and eating cheese. My opinion is, that you self-made fellers did a very poor job. I have not been to Bombay, nor do I want to go."

The Convis and Defrees mining companies have filed the necessary papers in the County Clerk's office in Elko county, preparatory to instituting suits in the District Court against the Grand Prize company's title to that mining property.

Four men in Osceola District took out six ounces of pure gold dust during one day last week. To do this they were compelled to purchase water at the rate of two cents per gallon, and they used 160 gallons.

A body of ore has been recently struck in the Paymaster mine, Ward District, which goes as high as \$1,500 to the ton.

The Martin White furnaces produced \$15,000 from a run of ten days.

More News of the Strike.

The news from the Eastern States, up to one o'clock, Wednesday afternoon does not reveal any additional outbreaks of a serious character. No east-bound trains had then left Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Reading, or those other cities where the strikers have made a strong stand. The strikers held their ground, and are determined that the railroad companies shall comply with their just demands, viz: rescind the late order reducing their wages ten per cent. Several of the companies have already yielded to the demands of the employees, and the trains on these roads are now running. The railroad strikers deprecate the destruction of property, especially other than that which belongs to the railroad corporations. Much of the destruction of property has been the work of roughs, who pass themselves off as railroad employees and assiduously ply their nefarious practices in a most glaring manner. The feeling against this class is very bitter, and many of them made bold by the opportunities afforded will severely pay the penalty imposed by law on lawless varice. The position of the strikers is entirely different. They have the sympathy even of high state officials, many of whom refuse to interfere unless violence and destruction of property ensue. The presumption is that the railroads will make reasonable concessions and that all trains will be running regularly in a few days.

There will be a number of wild, unreasonable and irresponsible parties who will hold out until they are effectually conquered or severely punished by the proper authorities. The presumed support of the Government and State was not given to the railroad kings, hence they are now opening their eyes.

AFFAIRS IN NEW YORK CITY.—A dispatch from New York City, dated July 24th, says: The Independent party, under the auspices of its organizer, the Independent Bread Winners' League, has issued a call for representatives of all organizations who sympathize with the railroad strikers in their endeavors to get living wages, and are opposed to the rioters, to meet on Thursday evening and make arrangements for a mass meeting to demand—first, that the government should immediately take possession of, own and operate all the railroads; second, that labor laws are absolutely necessary, and third, that resumption of labor by government work is absolutely necessary.

The Mayor was in consultation with the police authorities to-day. In the evening, while the Seventh regiment was assembling at the armory, tramps and roughs passed and some small boys threw stones, but the police soon cleared the neighborhood.

At a meeting to night of Communists and Internationalists, to arrange for a meeting on Wednesday, inflammatory speeches were made.

A SMART NEVADA BOY IN EUROPE.

Says Sunday's *Enterprise*:
Marcus Fredrick, son of M. M. Fredrick, the well known jeweler of this city, is making his mark at a leading university of Germany which is under the especial patronage of the Emperor. He is the first for three years to complete a year's course of study in six months, in a class of 428 students. During the present year he was awarded the highest prize for scholarship. He has acquired extraordinary proficiency in music, the violin being his favorite instrument. He is connected with one of the first choral societies of the city in which he resides. Those who were familiar with young Marcus previous to his departure to Europe will be surprised to learn that he is now at least two inches taller than his father. He will return home in January.

The Pioche *Record* of the 14th inst., says: There is no change to note in regard to the Raymond & Ely, only a little more than the usual quantity of ore being extracted. The mill finished crushing the ore from the upper levels and had started in to crush the ore from the 1200-foot level, when the cam shaft broke, so that nothing could be done in the way of crushing. Hardly enough ore of the new strike was crushed to take a battery sample, so that under the circumstances Captain Day ordered the mill to run on tailings for the balance of the month, and will start on the first of the month on the new ore. In the meantime the cam shaft will be repaired, and other necessary repairs attended to.

"Is your life worth 10 cents?" asks an advertisement in the Carson *Tribune*. That's a question, you know. People must economize in these hard times.

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

Editorial and Local Matters.

Have We Learned?

Two years ago we were all prosperous, had money to loan and to spend. It came, we said, out of the stock market. Before that, we endured a period of unnatural depression, and were all correspondingly poor. That, we said, came from the stock market. We followed through another cycle, and now we are, again mourning for the ducats which are not, and this, too, comes from the stock market. Now, it is reasonable to ask, have we learned anything? Let's see.

We have gone into this market every year with our earnings; purchased shares upon the belief that they were "going up." We have not dabbled in dividend-paying mines, because they do not fluctuate so freely. We have said, "Well, stocks will certainly take a 'spurt' soon; they can't go any lower," and upon this sort of argument we have bought. It has always proven that we were wrong. They do go lower, swallow up our earnings in assessments, and then we must begin again. Washoe county has sent over \$500,000 into the stock market during the past year. If that money had been expended upon our property, how differently would we be situated? We ask the man who bought Overman at \$80, whether he had sound reasons for his purchase, or did he have any reason at all except an inordinate desire to sell it for \$1,000?

We heard a man say today, "I've a good notion to buy some Ophir." "Why?" "Well, I believe it is going up." "Well, why?" "Oh, it's just as liable to jump to \$30 as not." These liabilities always existed, and yet we have lost money on them. This expectation of getting thousands from hundreds in a few months is all wrong, and when we abandon it we shall begin to taste prosperity. Let the capitalist speculate if he will; the laborer has no right to. We have paid dearly for this lesson; have we learned it?

The San Francisco Chronicle has authority from the Secretary of the Navy to examine the books and records of the Navy Yard, and E. J. Anderson, a reporter of that paper, has been in Vallejo several days engaged in overhauling the books.

You may have that opinion of the Chronicle which suits you best, but there is a certain amount of admirable pluck and energy in its make-up. The changes and attempted proof will work towards good results, however they may end. Ability is arrayed against its equal, and hard facts must sustain one or the other position. We should like to know who prompts the movement to limit the circulation.

Paste this in your hat: Pure gold is worth \$20.67 per ounce; pure silver is worth \$1.29 per ounce. A twenty-dollar piece weighs 5.67 grams; a trade dollar weighs 430 grams; one dollar weighs 28.6 grams.

Yes, paste it in your hat, it will be some time before you have an opportunity to experiment.

One set of men own and operate all the roads on the Pacific Coast, and we have none of the deviltries that afflict the people East. We imagine that Stanford looks upon the whole Pacific Coast as a ruler might look upon his kingdom.—Oakland Transcript.

You must have imagined the first sentence as well as the last.

The Oakland Transcript is of the opinion that if all the railroads of the country were under the control of one corporation the people and business would be better served than at present.

The Oakland Transcript is careful, however, not to give any reasons for such a belief.

On the 12th instant 17,430 feet had been attained in the Sutter tunnel, 85 feet having been completed during the previous week. The distance run during the week ending on the 22d was 82 feet. Total length, 16,512 feet. The header is in timbering ground.

San Francisco has become frightened at the Eastern news, and organized a vigilance committee to protect life and property. No further trouble is anticipated.

A party of 100 schoolmarm from San Francisco and Sacramento will visit Lake Tahoe about the 1st of August and remain two weeks. We want to go.

What would Nevada be without San Francisco?—Ez.

What would a mine be without a pump?

The 'Old Story.'

We learn slowly when we learn well. No good thing can reach man except through toil and suffering. It took the world hundreds of years to learn that all men ought to be free and independent, and when the tea fell into Boston harbor we had undertaken to suffer in vindication of a principle. When we declared in 1812 against a wanton usurpation of our rights, it was needed that some should suffer and some die before evils could be corrected and the right prevail. When Webster, Clay, Calhoun and contemporary statesmen found themselves at variance upon questions of States' rights, the scene was an accurate prophecy of the war, bloodshed and tears, which must solve their differences. And when we declared against slavery there was but one way to vindicate the principle. Hunger and cold, pain and death, must again strike the balance between contending forces. There is no single instance in history where practical and lasting good was reached without pain, just as their may never be victories without battles—never the wreath of laurel, unless the tree survive the winters and brave the storms.

The people govern, and back to them come the results of each false step. A disordered financial system repays its discount from the laborer's purse. Disadvantageous treaties, which admit foreigners to our privileges without qualification, make their pernicious effects apparent only to the laboring classes. The mismanagement of corporations which are above laws, results in loss which is invariably replaced from the laborer's earnings. Discounts and premiums, deficiencies and appropriations must, then, come from the people, and it requires no argument to show that unless the cause be removed these items multiply and capital is thus enabled to speculate upon the laborer's prosperity. We do not believe that there is necessarily antagonism between capital and labor, but we do believe that, owing to defective legislation in some cases, and the lack in others, such hostility has been created.

We have admitted the truth with our own eyes into competition with ourselves; not gradually, but in successive waves which threaten to flood our labor market. He works at rates which produce inordinate profits for employers. Here is a weapon placed in the hands of capital, and, forsaking the old system of legitimate gain, values are magnified and sudden wealth, that most pernicious of all results, comes from the difference in labor rates. The same labor has become of less value, not have it profits which sustained old rates lessened; but a ready means is afforded, and they who are deprived of work in favor of the foreigner, must suffer. Unless a remedy be provided there will be a wild scene one day among the Chinese of this coast. The people will break laws in order to make laws. There will be suffering and another principle tested.

The present condition of American finance falls heavily upon the laborer, who must, in the long run, earn the discount and premiums upon depreciated and inflated currencies. This state of things affords yet another opportunity for a speculation upon earnings, and is already fostering a feeling of intense hostility against the "dollar aristocracy of the nation." We have not changed these things gradually but with sudden determination, thus making effects more apparent and harder to bear. If these tendencies be left to grow we shall, ere long, hear the cry of labor vs. capital, and a communistic strife may easily arise which would sweep away the savings of a century. Life and property will again be periled in the correction of evils.

The enormous power given to corporations is still another weapon which is aimed at the laboring man. The results of accidents are made up in extra rates; the decrease of freights must be met by increased tariff; the results of unwise competition must be compensated by a reduction of wages. All of these are but samples of the weapons with which defective laws have armed the capitalist. The representatives of the people have misconceived or betrayed their trust, and each year these evils are harder to bear. When we should be prosperous we find ourselves in adversity. The people will suffer until endurance ceases, and then the opposite extreme will be sought in violence and haste. We

bear murmurs to-day from the spirit which is to assert itself, and we should avert the storm if possible. It is an old lesson that evils grow in oppression, the people are long suffering and unreasonable in their anger. Just as surely as evils exist, so surely will the day come for their summary correction. It is for the statesman to say whether relief can be afforded or whether we must wait to see the clouds gather and the sun disappear. These are evils which we can not long endure, and the day will again come when there will be trial and triumph, and we shall have peace and prosperity at a heavy cost.

The Strike.

The strikers in most of the eastern cities have now abandoned their destructive and aggressive policies, and are merely maintaining their ground in the hope of enforcing their demands. The forces are well organized to resist any further encroachments by the strikers, and a manifest disposition to deal summarily with the rabble of roughs and tramps has done much to quell the insurrection and bring it within bounds. Still railroads are blocked, manufactories closed, and trade of all kinds practically paralyzed. In most of the centres the railroad strike has been quieted by accession or promised compromise, but the working men of all classes seem to have seized upon the opportunity, and are loud in their demands. It is probable, however, that the aggressive movement is at an end, and now comes the day of settlement. Many a man and woman will go hungry in consequence of last week's work. Children will ask for bread in vain, and the hearth will be cold and damp for many days. The sufferings of the coming week will be greater than those of the past, for laws have been broken and will be avenged themselves.

In San Francisco all is quiet. The hoodlums are away by the well-organized vigilance committee, and no further trouble is anticipated. The demand for a general discharge of Chinese labor has not been answered.

The Chinese.

The great question of the day on the Pacific Coast is, how shall we compete with the Mongolian? Near petitions to Congress have been investigated, and most of the eastern press believed that our grievances had been very much magnified, hence no action has been taken. All respectable journals have counselled moderation and patience, but the opportunity lately afforded to the unscrupulous was a great temptation. The far-seeing portion of every community have resolved to wait for treaty modifications, but delays are dangerous. The fact that it proved so easy during the past week to incite active hostility against the Chinese should certainly show how we stand upon this question. We have asked for relief, and it should come speedily, lest another opportunity arise and men do that for which they will have cause to be sorry. The Burlingame treaty should be modified so that Chinese should have the privilege of engaging in mercantile pursuits. This is the extent of American privilege in China. Every good citizen should lend his aid to the observance of treaty stipulations, but it is also his privilege to work for their amendment.

The Post says "the stock market is very unsettled and would go much lower without the support given by insiders." In view of this constant downward tendency it is safe to say that without developments stocks will still shrink.

It is a great thing to be a collegiate graduate, because then you don't have any use for a dictionary.—Reveille.

True, Fwedly, but then after all they can't be intensely funny, like us.

The scribbler is worried over the announcement that Tennyson smokes opium. And the practice will become fashionable unless the rumor is contradicted.

The Ledger says: "Antioch needs a young, wide-awake, progressive, nineteenth century minister."

And we pass the application right on to Deacon Parkinson, with the advice that he qualify.

It is rumored that the Central Pacific Railroad Company are negotiating for the purchase of the Virginia and Truckee road.—Nevada Transcript.

All sorts of things "are rumored."

A Word With the Farmer.

We ask the privilege each week of having an informal talk with our farmers. We hope thereby that some useful suggestions may reach them, and if we are wrong in any instance we ask them to make use of our columns for correction.

It has occurred to us, that with the best market in the world, we are not getting the full measure of profit to which we are entitled. It seems to us that even with our small agricultural area it is possible to supply the Nevada market fully. If, for instance, each man in this valley raises his abundant crop of alfalfa and nothing more, it is manifest that we must buy other staple products from California and lose some of our profits in paying for freight. This is precisely the case, and as a consequence the yield of alfalfa is increasing faster than the demand, and the price will lower in consequence. We are accustomed to say that grain and fruit can not be raised here at a profit. It is admitted that the bulk of the farms will yield more return in alfalfa, but there is no reason why we can not raise enough grain for our own consumption. We have seen wheat, barley and oats in Washoe county that was hard to beat, and we should try to make our products interchangeable to a large degree at home.

Here, for instance, is farmer Jones, who raises a fine garden, has small fruits and an orchard coming on, and keeps a dairy large enough to eat up his pasture. The bulk of his land is, of course, in alfalfa, but he raises other products upon small tracts which he cultivates highly, and from which he labors to secure the best results. His principal crop is hay, but he raises a little grain, an abundance of vegetables, and between them makes a support for everything on the farm. Next door, perhaps, is neighbor Hopkins, who says it is too much trouble to raise peas, beans, wheat, etc., and the consequence is that he is idle one-half of the year waiting for his crop of hay; before and after harvest he must go to neighbor Jones for a few vegetables, a little butter, some fresh meat, perhaps, and he is surprised to find at the end of each year that some of his alfalfa belongs to Jones. Now this worthy Mr. Hopkins thinks that alfalfa is a great crop, and so it is, but why should he pay part of it for the product of a neighboring farm, or, worse still, for freight on vegetables and grain from California. Can't we supply these articles at home and if so, why not do it? We have said enough to shadow the idea, and it has many branches which might be followed with profit. We ask the attention of farmers to these points. Let's put our heads together and cultivate these barren spots in the market. There is money in such a project, and if we give this matter proper attention the farmer can multiply his profits without increasing the investment.

The Justice's Court this forenoon was unusually quiet. Just after dinner, however, Barlow, who could no longer endure the death of business, sallying forth from the halls of justice strode down the street with the air of one who would close the week with profit to himself and to his country. Very soon he caught sight of a poor chap who had a small bundle of second-hand or very cheap socks. It was not possible that such a chap could have an extra supply of hose. Barlow took him in—to his parlor back of the Justice's office and, without the least traces of smiles over his usually beaming countenance, swore out a complaint against John Doe for petit larceny.

A PEDESTRIAN.—The gentleman alluded to in another place as a "sock stealer" is also impeached as a "boot hooker." It is alleged that he walked into Hammond & Wilson's this morning and took unto himself a pair of boots which were the chattles of Johnny Hayes. The boots were not found nor could we learn the traveler's name. From his borrowing both boots and socks it is thought that he intended to walk and wanted to "heel" himself. When he gains the mastery over several cocktails now lurking in his system, an explanation may be looked for.

REJECTED.—We received to-day a communication in answer to Mr. Wintermantle's effusion in this morning's Journal. We decline to publish it because we see no necessity for a newspaper controversy on this question. Better talk it over among yourselves.

One of Those Verdicts.

"Gaily the Troubadours," Hutton the Gentle "Cop,"—A Scotch Jury.

Thursday afternoon and evening the Justice's Court was turned into a boudoir for the accommodation of the ladies, and a little romance was re-created in the hearing of his Honor C. Richardson from Bombay and his doughty henchman, William Cain from Calais, Maine. H. A. Waldé, solicitor, mounted his rhetorical charger and scored the legal plains in defense of the fair Rickey Boghee, while Charles Queen, Esq., barrister, poised his argumentative lance and wound his horn blithely in praise of the innocence and dove-like bearing of Nellie London. It seems that some question had arisen between Nellie Folsom, one of the reigning belles, and the fair Rickey Boghee, a new comer. Miss Nellie London had also, in a burst of enthusiasm, called somebody else an hoodlum and bestowed upon her also a variety of "saus." This so incensed the peaceful spirit of Geo. Hutton that he went and told Wintermantel, who objected. Later in the evening the air grew cooler, and the moon of social enjoyment arose over the mansion of London Nellie, whereupon others were invited to join the hilarity. Amongst the rest came sweet Rickey Boghee, thirsty, yet fair withal, and entered the London mansion. No sooner had the gentle Rickey placed slipper upon the yielding carpet than war was declared by Folsom Nellie, who had looked upon the wine when it was red. In the affray, which soon became general, the inoffensive Boghee was belabored to a degree, so much, indeed, that her face resembled a European war map, and was soft and pudgy to the touch. The hairs of her head had to be "re-numbered" also, owing to the sad havoc among her tresses. While the festivities were still growing in loudness and interest, enter the minions of the law, Avery and Ross, to make a "general haul." All of these facts, with variations and additions, were presented before a jury and all the comely young men and lawyers of the town. After due deliberation the jury concluded that it couldn't fine the court or complainants, and brought in the following queer verdict. It is a question to us where the intended reproach falls:

We, the jury impeached to try the cause wherein the State of Nevada is plaintiff and Nellie London and Rickey Boghee are defendants, find that the testimony offered is so unreliable in its character and so uncertain in its bearings, that we are compelled, whilst believing that an offense against the peace and dignity of the State has been committed, to find no cause of action. We at the same time feel it incumbent upon us to suggest that prompt action on the part of officer Hutton, by arresting those engaged in bandying vile language in the earlier part of the evening, instead of reporting to a private citizen, would, in all probability, have prevented the fight of a later hour, preserved the peace, and saved the county a heavy expense.

W. D. WAGAR, Foreman.
J. M. FLANNAGAN, Scribe.
J. C. LEWIS, Architect.

EPISCOPAL SOCIAL.—Last evening the house and grounds of A. J. Hatch were given up to the social event of the week. Many members and friends of the Episcopal church were assembled, and without any riotous behavior whatever struck for social enjoyment. The movement was an entire success, owing to the hospitable tact of the hostess, Mrs. A. J. Hatch, and Miss Gertrude, who gave welcome to all. Bishop Whitaker and J. A. Brumsey, of Virginia, were present. The next social was not announced in our hearing.

COMPROMISE.—The case of Thomas Hitchcock which was tried yesterday resulted in a conviction on a charge of vagrancy. He was ordered to appear this morning for sentence, but finding a job at the Commercial Exchange the Justice concluded to let him rest. We hope there may be no occasion to take up the case again.

ROVER CASE.—District Attorney Cain is to-day filing his answer to the exceptions taken in the Rover Case. Cain assures us that the case for the defendant will not consume much of the Court's time. We may, therefore, expect to hear soon the finale of this famous case.

A party of 50 or 60 picnickers richly enjoyed a picnic to White's Canyon day before yesterday. The picnic was started by Miss Smith and Miss Van Loan, and was composed of parties from Reno, Glendale and Brown's.

CUT, THIS OUT.—Below will be found the railroad arrangements which have been made for exhibitors. You should cut it out and send it to some one whom you can induce to exhibit:

The Central Pacific and Virginia and Truckee Railroad Companies will transport all articles and animals exhibited at the Fair by exhibitors in Nevada, over their road FREE OF CHARGE. Freight being paid on them to the Fair, will be returned upon reshipment by the same owner, and exhibition of certificate of Secretary that the same has been exhibited.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company will transport all articles and animals exhibited at the Fair by exhibitors from California—freight being paid to the Fair, will reship them free to the point from which they were originally shipped, by the same owner, on exhibition of certificate of Secretary that the same has been exhibited.

RAILROAD INSPECTORS.—A special engineers' car came slowly into town Thursday afternoon. Four officials were encoined in the rear portion of the coach, while several ladies and gentlemen were present to assist at meals in the way of preventing fine wine and delectable viands from spoiling. The party is headed by Assistant General Engineer L. M. Clemmens. Roadmaster Allen is also in the party. The car travels very slowly, and stops at all switches, crossings, culverts, etc. The engineer alights at these places, notes the condition of the road, bridge, etc., and, if in poor condition, makes a few notes, and drives on. They travel 50 to 75 miles per day, and intend going over the entire line of the road.

EYE REMOVED.—Our friend Isaac Chamberlain had his left eye removed Wednesday, by Dr. Lane, of San Francisco. Ike's eye was seriously injured about one year ago, since which time it has frequently pained him, and gave him much trouble. The eye became diseased, and seriously threatened to impair or destroy the sight of both eyes, hence yesterday he submitted to the painful operation already mentioned. We very much regret Mr. Chamberlain's loss, as he is a perfect gentleman and a young man of most excellent parts.

FINE RIG.—A. J. Clark, one of our "well to do" ranchers, showed us the other day a fine buggy and harness in which he will hereafter take comfort. This carriage was made to order for Mr. Clark by Miller of Stockton, and is a beauty in style and finish. The harness was exhibited at the State and county fairs and took the premiums at both. The outfit is complete in all respects, but you will never know how well it looks until you see Clark and the editor of this veracious journal seated therein.

WILL NOT RECEIVE IT.—The Union Pacific Railroad Company refuse to receive the tea which has been shipped over the Central Pacific during the past week, and the entire cargo, amounting to nearly 200 car loads, is now lying at Ogden. Their reason for not receiving it is that they are afraid of a strike, and that in such an event the tea would undoubtedly be destroyed by the strikers. It is therefore thought best to let the tea remain where it is, as there is not likely to be any trouble on the C. P.

The new iron bridge will be nearly completed by this evening, but will not be ready for public travel before Monday week. The Board of County Commissioners must accept the bridge before it is opened to the public. Tom Hymers drives the first team over the bridge, and from thence goes to Steamboat for a bath. A sixteen-mule team, with four wagons heavily loaded with barley, will cross the bridge a week from next Monday.

OF COURSE.—The lynx-eyed officers of the law spied our Local Thursday as he was plying his nefarious trade, and summoned him on a jury in the Police Court. The case was argued long and well, but it was no use—the jury hung. Localities was in favor of hanging, and the rest were not. He recommends jurymen to strike for more pay.

Wm. Saunders, the young man who was interred Tuesday at the Poor Farm, was Wednesday afternoon exhumed and his remains taken this morning to Wadsworth for burial. He was a young man of some 35 summers and of respectable connections.

Lost—a postoffice key numbered Q. 867. The finder will confer a favor by leaving it at this office or with Mr. Blakely, at the postoffice.

The Strike.

[From Wednesday's Telegrams.]

A scarcity of food is reported in portions of Maryland.

A general strike is in force at Chicago. The police have been unable to control the mob.

A freight train from Omaha was ditched by the strikers.

A coal famine is likely to ensue in Baltimore.

The Pacific express train from New York was ditched near Oswego. No lives lost.

The strike is abating in New York. The Governor thinks the movement under control.

Business is nearly suspended in Philadelphia and Louisville.

At various points trains are beginning to move, while at others both parties are determined not to yield.

The militia at Reading, Pa., have refused to serve, and fraternize with the strikers.

Conductors, firemen, brakemen and machinists have struck at Syracuse.

At Allentown, Pa., the mob when commanded to disperse hooted at the Mayor's office, stoned policemen, etc.

The Cleveland strikers will allow no disorder.

At Terre Haute no violence is reported but the strikers have possession of the railroads.

President Vanderbilt refuses to accede to any demands.

The Grand trunk Railroad Company and their employees have effected amicable arrangements.

There is no strike among the workmen on the Michigan Central at Detroit.

General manager Croughan, of the Great Western, has acceded to the wishes of the men on that line.

The strikers allowed the freight trains on the Bee Line to proceed, upon being shown an order restoring June wages in August. At Newark peace is restored.

The Louisville, Nashville and Great Southern Railroad has granted the petition of the employees, and will not reduce wages.

Trains were released by the strikers on the Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western and Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Lafayette roads, as the result of the conference with General Spooner.

The workmen in St. Louis held another meeting last night. Several speeches were made of the usual character. One speaker said they had 7,000 stand of arms in their possession, at which there were cries of, "Let us have them and we will use them."

Another speaker said this was the greatest uprising of people that has been known for 100 years—an uprising of the bone and sinew of the Republic, who had risen, from the Atlantic and Pacific, to demand her rights. They had not been granted. They had been marked with a desire to destroy property and burn cities. This was a lie. The speaker said: "We don't wish to destroy, but if they goad us to extremities and cause reason to lose its balance, they are responsible, not we." He charged the bloodshed of Pittsburgh and Baltimore upon the President of the United States. He sent an army in their midst to put down those struggling for their rights. If he had not done that not a building would have been burned or a life lost. They tell us we must respect the majesty of the law. The laws enacted during the past fifteen years have all been for the purpose of building up a moneyed oligarchy to press the working people to this movement. It is not simply to get back the old wages, but to bring about a thorough reconstruction of all railroad property. Railroads are great temporal blessings, but they must be run in the interest of the whole people, and not for a few, and this we will accomplish or die in the attempt. This remark excited the greatest applause. We don't want to shoot, and if they do shoot us we won't shoot at them, but we will defend our rights and those of our wives and children, though the heavens fall. This is a fair specimen of the speeches made.

It is estimated by men engaged in the work of clearing it away, that over 300 tons of sand and rubbish were deposited on the surface of Main street, on the two blocks between Sixth and Cedar streets, by the flood of last Sunday. —*Reveille.*

The next term of the State University will begin August 3d.

The alfalfa and trees are looking well.

Grant is in Switzerland.

Indian Depredations in Dakota.

DEADWOOD, July 24th.—L. M. Axford arrived this morning from the hay fields in the vicinity of Spear Fish. He reports that a train of wagons, supposed to be from Deadwood, bound for Big Horn, arrived at Spear Fish City this morning, having been driven in by Indians. The remains of four men that had been killed by a band of twenty Indians were brought in. Another body was buried near where the fight occurred. The names of the killed are unknown. The haymakers in Spear Fish valley have nearly all stopped work and have gone into town for safety.

General Dawson, a prominent citizen of this place, received a letter to-night from Spear Fish, asking, for God's sake, to send them aid, and stating that the Indians were raiding the valley and burning ranches. All the women and children and people from ranches have taken refuge in Spear Fish. The letter also contains a request that Senator Spencer, of Alabama, who is now here, be urged to invoke aid from the government.

Heavy Men.

The Bulletin has been grouping together the heavy men of the Pacific Coast, the big fish who are worth their millions. The small fry who have only a few hundred thousand dollars each are left out of the calculations. Following are the poor fellows who have more money than they know what to do with: Flood & O'Brien, Mackey & Fair, \$100,000,000; Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Hopkins, \$50,000,000; Lux & Miller, \$20,000,000; D. O. Mills, \$10,000,000; Michael Reese, \$10,000,000; Wm. Sharon, \$8,000,000; Haggin & Tevis, \$10,000,000; Levi Strauss & Co., \$10,000,000; Pope & Talbot, \$8,000,000; S. and I. Glazier, \$6,000,000; John Parrot, \$7,000,000; James Phelan, \$5,000,000; Peter Donohue, \$5,000,000; N. Lunning, \$4,000,000; Donahue & Kelly, \$10,000,000; C. H. Hastings, \$4,000,000; A. McCreary, \$4,000,000; L. M. Sachs & Co., \$4,000,000; Geo. Williams, \$4,000,000; H. M. Newhall, \$4,000,000; Schoole Bros., \$1,000,000; James G. Blythe, \$4,000,000; Lazard Freres, \$5,000,000; E. J. Baldwin, \$5,000,000; Murphy, Grant & Co., \$5,000,000.

San Francisco News.

The hoodlum element was still on the rampage in San Francisco Wednesday night. A lively fire was started on Stockton street, and a much larger one occurred at Beal street dock. The wharf was damaged to the extent of some \$500,000. During the last mentioned fire a hoodlum was caught cutting the fire hose, and was promptly dispatched by a pistol shot. Several others were shot, but no serious disturbance transpired. All is now quiet. The authorities and police are strongly backed, and the hoodlum element will be kept under full control.

INDIAN WAR NOTES.—General Howard will now concentrate, and try to overawe the Indians. The hostiles stole 400 ponies from the Kannias Indians, July 23d, and left for the buffalo country. General Sherman is in the Indian country, and will spend August in Montana. General Howard will push the Indians in all directions, regardless of military boundaries.

Captain Gibbon, with the Seventh infantry, will protect the northern frontier, and treat as hostile all Indians coming from Idaho.

The Carson Appeal, speaking of the action of the C. P. R. R. in rescinding the order recently made in regard to reducing wages, says: "That's glorious. This C. P. Company never before did a better business than they have done this year, and yet they not only cut down their employees' wages but paid them off in silver!"

The Nevada Bank of San Francisco has purchased and now holds \$18,000,000 of United States Bonds; \$13,000,000 in the name of Louis McLane, President, and \$5,000,000 are on deposit in New York.

The San Francisco Post recommends the stock magnates to get up an excitement on California street in order to make the people forget the labor problem?

Report says that Turkey uses for peace, but Russia will occupy Constantinople.

THE STRIKE.

BERLIN, July 26th.—German socialists are collecting money for the support of railway strikers in the United States.

WASHINGTON, July 26th.—The Secretary of the Treasury authorizes the Assistant Treasurer at New York to dispose of exchange on Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis for the relief of Western business men who have funds in New York, which are not available now on account of the strikes.

CHICAGO, July 26th.—10:45 A. M.—Advices from West Twelfth street state that a mob is holding a small detachment of police in check. One policeman was seriously wounded with a stone. The Second Regiment has been called out to assist the police.

CHICAGO, July 26th.—It is reported that at 10 o'clock this morning the police had a fight with a mob on Newberry avenue. Fifteen of the rioters were hurt. A squad of mounted veterans, with drawn sabres, charged the Sixteenth street mob. One hundred and fifty rioters were wounded and ten killed outright. Six policemen were wounded.

CHICAGO, July 26th.—At 11:40 the artillery left their quarters for the scene of conflict, which is now Halsted and Sixteenth street, and in a few minutes after their arrival the booming of cannon showed that the regulars had opened fire on the mob with grape and canister. A correspondent at the scene confirms this. The slaughter will be terrible.

CHICAGO, July 26th.—The President of the United States has authorized Adjutant General Drum to place the United States troops at the disposal of the Governor of Illinois.

LOUISVILLE, July 26th.—But little fear of further trouble is entertained. The display of citizens has had its effect and indications point to a resumption of the usual quietude and business. The Governor has issued a proclamation urging vigilance and asking all good citizens to endeavor to avert violence and excitement.

St. Louis, July 26th.—The morning opened with much excitement and apprehension on the part of all classes of citizens, but up to this hour nothing has been done on the part of the strikers or their allies to create positive alarm. A number of manufacturing establishments were closed last night by the strikers, including a number of flouring mills.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 26th.—noon.—The order of the strikers now is that all roads out of here run one train to-day each way, carrying mails and passengers, hauling as many coaches as may be necessary. No express or other freight allowed.

NEW YORK, July 26th.—The Erie railway officials announce that the strike at Hornellsville has ended and the Erie railway is open.

Colonel Bee has made an estimate of the damages thus far suffered by the Chinese in the recent outrages in San Francisco, placing the amount at \$25,000. Claims to the amount of \$3,000 are already filed against the city. The Chiefs of the Chinese companies have advised their countrymen to make all the resistance in their power if attacked by the hoodlums.

Senator Sargent has also brought suit against the Chronicle for libel, based on the publications of May 15th, stating that he had corruptedly received money on the Pinney bogus checks, and again on July 18th, charging him with correspondence with Secretary of the Navy Thompson to endeavor to suppress testimony. Damages on each count are laid in the sum of \$25,000.

The following circular has been circulated in San Francisco:

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

The attention of 1001 will be drawn to any and all premises where Chinese are employed or allowed. Property owners, insurance companies and employers may make a note of this while there is time, and before the avengers of oppressed labor thunder at your door—1001.

Laura Whittemore, formerly employed in the Custom-house and Mint, has brought a libel suit against the DeYoungs in the Eleventh District Court, El Dorado county, claiming damages in the sum of \$30,000, for the publication of an article in the Chronicle alleging that she had been the mistress of Congressman Page.

The inquiry into the affairs of the Mint still continues in San Francisco. Frank Pixley conducted the prosecution for a time but has withdrawn in consequence of a refusal to allow him to overlook the making of transcripts. The ways of politics are past finding out.

Winemucca had a case recently under the opium law. His name was Tong Ting, and he said he "no sabee." He was fined \$65 because it was his first offense. He "sabees" now more than he did.

The Footlight says that the excitement in Silver City growing out of the exclusive use by the bonanza firm of the water in Gold Canyon is increasing. A meeting of aggrieved citizens is called for Saturday night to discuss the most effective means for redress. An advertisement to this effect will appear in the Chronicle this evening. There has long been a feeling of hostility in Silver City toward the bonanza crowd, because of this same question of the right to the monopoly of a stream of water which flows from the mines below Gold Hill and empties at length into the Carson river. A statute conferring the right of eminent domain upon mining companies in the matter of constructing and maintaining viaducts for tailings and water was surreptitiously passed by a late legislature, and a case to test the constitutionality of it has been pending in the courts. The meeting should be fully attended, and the miners and others who have been injured by this bonanza usurpation will no doubt find adequate means for righting the wrong.

MASS MEETING OF HUNGARIANS.—At Pesth, July 25th, 8,000 persons passed resolutions which declared that the extension of Russia's power was inconsistent with the interests of Austro-Hungary, and calling upon the government to bring about a cessation of the present inhuman method of warfare, and to give timely protection to Austro-Hungarian interests. Klappa Pulsky and others spoke.

The Philadelphia Ledger suggests that female applicants for places in the Government Departments at Washington should be preferred to male applicants because women do not take part in caucuses, conventions and political organizations.

The Krom process which has proved very successful in Colorado and Grass Valley is to be tried at the Manhattan mine, Austin. This mine will start up again August 1st.

Hon. Thomas Wren and R. M. Clarke are in San Francisco as counsel in the great Eureka-Richmond mining suit, which was set down for this morning.

Prince Gortschakoff has notified the powers that he will not treat with the Porte. The question to be solved will be submitted to the great powers.

Brummer's Insect Powder

STILL AHEAD!

READ

The Following Testimonials:

SACRAMENTO, CAL., June 23, 1877.

MR. A. H. BARNES.—Dear Sir: Having tried all kinds of powders, etc., that I could hear of, to rid my house of small ants, and they having all failed to do the work, I at last purchased a box of BRUMMER'S POWDER, and I will say that according to my belief it is the best in existence, as it has proved itself so to my entire satisfaction.

CHAS. H. DENTON.

Of the firm of Gilman Bros. & Co.

DAYTON, July 30, 1877.

MR. A. H. BARNES.—Sir: I received and tried your insect powder to my entire satisfaction, and heartily endorse it in preference to anything I have ever used, and can truthfully recommend it to the public as being a "dead shot" to bugs.

Respectfully Yours,

P. BARNES.

In connection with the above I wish to say to purchasers of the powder: Greatly blow it into the furniture of the room and walls of the building, as directed, and my word for it, it will clear out the bugs. If it does not, call and get more powder FREE, or your money back. That it will clear them out I have ample proof.

A. H. BARNES, Agent.

7-351W

WESTERN HOTEL.

PLAZA STREET, NEAR SIERRA, RENO.

J. D. SHAW, Proprietor.

Board & Lodging per week, \$7.

" " " day, \$1.

Single Meals, 25 Cents.

Lodging, 25 and 50 Cents.

A BATH ROOM CONNECTED

WITH THE HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY overhauled and all its apartments put in excellent order for the accommodation of guests.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

J. D. SHAW.

H. WARD.

UNDERTAKER.

Coffins and Caskets Constantly on Hand.

FUNERALS PROMPTLY ATTENDED to, and reasonable charges made.

Special Attention Given to the

Shipment of Bodies.

All orders from the country attended to with promptness and dispatch.

H. WARD.

STEINWAY

Received the Highest Award

PIANOS

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

GRANDS!

SQUARES!

UPRIGHTS!

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF NEW Styles. Prices from \$475 to \$1300. For sale for cash or on the installment plan. Illustrated catalogues mailed on application to

Matthias Gray,

105 Kearny Street,

General Agent for Pacific Coast.

12-8-4m

ARLINGTON AVENUE

NURSERIES!

RENO, NEVADA.

These are the largest nurseries in the State of Nevada, where is grown every thing in the nursery line adapted to our climate, such as

APPLES, PEARS,

PLUMS, PEACHES,

CHERRIES, QUINCES,

Apricots, Nectarines,

Grape Vines, and all Small Fruits,

Butternuts, Walnuts, American

and Spanish Chestnuts, Hardy

Evergreens and Deciduous

Ornamental Weeping Trees

such as Norway Spruce,

American Golden and

Siberian Arbor-vitae,

Irish Juniper, that beautiful Ever-

green ornamental shrub the Rho-

dodendron, English Horse

Chestnuts, Silver Maple,

Standard and Weeping

Mountain Ash, Weep-

ing Willows,

A fine assortment of Hybrid

China, Tea and Moss

Roses.

And many other varieties of trees, shrubs and plants not mentioned. Persons interested in the growing of fruit and ornamental trees, shrubs, etc., are invited to call and see our Nurseries.

R. P. CHAPIN,

Manager.

Arlington Avenue Nurseries,

Reno, Nev.

RENO, NEVADA.

WILL OFFER TO THE PUBLIC, FROM

At Lower Rates than any other

Store in the State of Nevada, a

fine line of

groceries,

Provisions,

Hardware,

Glassware,

Tinware,

Crockery,

Liquors and Tobacco.

And everything that is usually kept in

a First Class Store. Also

WE ALSO KEEP ON HAND

a fine line of

agricultural

implements

Of all Descriptions.

JOHN CAHLAN,

MANAGER.

Reno, April 14, 1877-4f

FARMERS' STORE

THE FARMERS

CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION,

CORNER VIRGINIA AND SEC.

RENO, NEVADA.

WILL OFFER TO THE PUBLIC, FROM

At Lower Rates than any other

Store in the State of Nevada, a

fine line of

groceries,

Provisions,

Hardware,

Glassware,

Tinware,

Crockery,

Liquors and Tobacco.

And everything that is usually kept in

a First Class Store. Also

WE ALSO KEEP ON HAND

a fine line of

RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

The Temperance Banner.

TUNE—"Hold the Fort."
Fling aloft the temperance banner,
Float its folds on high;
Rapidly the ranks are filling,
"Victory is nigh."

CHORUS:
Sign the pledge, 'twill prove a blessing
Fruitful unto thee;
'Tis a record made in Heaven,
Sign it and be free.
Many a brother tried and tempted,
Needs our help once more;
Fling aloft the temperance banner,
Wave him towards the shore.
Reach the hand to save the fallen,
Thousands need our aid;
Speak a word the weak to strengthen,
Urge, constrain, persuade.
Wave aloft the temperance banner,
Wave it high and higher;
Keep the signal brightly flashing,
Like a beacon fire.

Then unto our Lord Christ Jesus,
Point the errand out;
God protect us from the demon,
Through his only Son.

Cossack Women.

The Cossacks have some very curious customs. They are all comparatively young men, and nearly all married, of course to young wives. It often happens, as in the present instance, that they are away from home during a war for one or even three or four years, and the natural result is that many of the wives left behind do not prove to be Lucretias. The Cossacks are quite aware of this, and many of them, upon starting home, buy a white scarf or handkerchief, which they take with them. Upon entering their village the whole population—women, girls, old men and children—come out to meet them, including, of course, the wives of the returning wanderers. Now, those of the wives who have been unfaithful to their lords, of which there is usually a considerable sprinkling, go forward to their husbands, kneel down before them in the road, put their faces in the dust and place their husband's foot upon their neck. This is a confession of guilt, and at the same time a prayer for forgiveness. If the husband then covers the wife's head with the white scarf, it means that he forgives her, asks no questions and obliterates the past. In this case no one has a right ever to reproach the wife with inconstancy, and if any one should be rash enough to do so, he would have to account with the husband, who is the protector of his wife's honor. If, on the contrary, the white handkerchief is not produced, the woman returns straight to her father's house without again entering her husband's dwelling, and a divorce is pronounced. Although there is generally a considerable sprinkling of women who come forward to kneel down and to put their faces in the dust, it rarely happens that they are not forgiven. A very tragical case, however, is related, in which the reverse took place. A returning Cossack was informed by a malicious neighbor before he reached his home that his wife had been unfaithful, without waiting to see whether the guilty woman would come forward and confess her sins. The comrades of the Cossack perceived that he had all of a sudden taken to drink and dissipation, although he was not a man given to these vices. When he reached his village his wife, as he feared, came forward, knelt down and put her face in the dust at his feet. The spectators saw him look at her as he lay in the dust for a long time. Two or three times he put his hand in his breast for the white handkerchief, as if he were going to cover the repentant woman's head—two or three times the movement was restrained. Finally, as if driven by a sudden impulse, he all at once drew his shashka, and with one stroke severed her head from her body! The punishment for the crime was two months imprisonment, while the malicious neighbor who had taken the trouble to inform him beforehand of his wife's misconduct was sentenced to Siberia for three years.

SLEEPY LOVERS.—A fine subject for an artist would have been that couple reclining in a carriage last Sunday night near the residence of C. H. Heath, Esq., on Barre street, Montpelier. Taking advantage of the fine weather, an amorous swain, whose name we shall not divulge at present, provided himself with a stylish turnout and, in company with his favored one, started for a ride. The trip was long, and before they retraced their course the faithful topics of "the weather" and "how's your parents?" had become threadbare and conversation lagged, and soon both were in the arms of Morpheus, she resting lovingly on his manly breast, and he with his arm about her as though to protect her from "the world, the flesh and the devil." Their horse, which had evidently discovered the situation, having been left to do pretty much as it pleased, stopped on the side of the road and began to nibble the grass. In this condition they were found by naughty, naughty boys of the capital, who were out in search of "adventure," and who took advantage of the situation by unhitching the horse, taking off its harness and laying it beside the carriage, and then turning the horse into the field. At what hour the couple awoke and resumed their journey, and how they reached home, will do for another chapter.—*Montpelier Argus.*

A Curious Old Newspaper.

There has lately been discovered, says the London Academy, in the library of the University of Heidelberg, a copy of a newspaper which proves to be the oldest periodical of which there is any knowledge. It is a quarto volume, bearing the date 1609, and is supposed to have been printed by John Carolus, of Strasburg. The paper was issued weekly, each number consisting of two sheets. It was mainly occupied with letters from correspondents in adjoining States, which were contributed regularly. It is interesting to note that letters from Vienna were about eight days on the route, from Venice from fourteen to seventeen days, and from Rome twenty-one days. When the matter contained in the letters, together with the news retailed at second hand, failed to fill the sheet, the remaining space was left blank.

Intelligence of every sort found a place in the journal. Among the most interesting occurrences noted was the manufacture of the telescope by Galileo. The correspondent from Florence writes, on September 4th, to the effect "that the Government of Venice made a considerable present to Signor Galileo, of Florence, Professor of Mathematics at Padua, and increased his annual stipend by one hundred crowns, because with diligent study he found out a rule and measure by which it is possible to see places thirty miles distant as if they were near, and on the other hand, near objects to appear much larger than they are before our eyes."

The news received from Prague affords a disturbed picture of plunder and murder in the streets of the city. It appears that at this period men and women were daily seized by bandits, robbed, strangled and thrown into the Moldau. Seven bodies were taken from the water in one day, and at another time seven malefactors were apprehended, "who confessed that, on the 18th of the month, they threw about fourteen persons into the water, and that their band numbered about eighty, who were, for the most part, natives of Prague."

WATERING PLACE Gossip.—Hotel proprietors at Napaugansett are employing oxen to draw people to the village by the sea.

There is very little gaiety at Saratoga. People do nothing but sit on the piazza of the hotels all day long. Garden parties are the initial social dissipation at Newport, and will be followed by "amateur steer plechases."

Philadelphia predominates at Cape May, and they all act as if they had first mortgages on the entire place.

Only a moderately successful season is reported at West Point, but what visitors lack in number is made up in quality.

Newport ladies are said to have as much affection for the Polo ponies as for their dear, ugly little English pug dogs.

Coaching is going to be a leading feature of the season at Newport, and a parade of the drags is promised in August.

Economy in music is to be noted at many watering place hotels. Three is the average number of musicians employed.

Ladies riding at Newport display very elegant costumes, and put as much on the outside of the carriage as they dare.

Ladies at the seaside resorts are wearing their old worn-out bunting costumes for bathing dresses in order to economize.

Ladies have to be "gentlemen" in the dances during the week at Long Branch, but plenty of beaux come and stay over Sunday.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the season at some of the seaside resorts, there will yet be seen in the surf many a backward summer-set.

Fishing off Long Branch is represented to be uncommonly good this year. People at the hotels have an abundance of brain food.

BRAVE GIRL.—The mistress of a most disorderly school in Skowhegan, Maine, lost control of her scholars one day last week, and allowed the naughty boys to throw wads of paper and balls of clay at the pretty girls. One of the girls finally "reported" a certain boy who was annoying her with pot shots from a popgun. The timid mistress sternly reproved her for tattling in school. The girl returned to her seat, and her persecutor, resuming military operations and firing at long range across the schoolroom, hit her in the face. "If the teacher can't lick you I can," said the pretty girl, and darting across the room, she struck him with a big book, dragged him out of his seat, and beat him till he lay on the floor blubbering and begging for mercy.

A ditcher on the estate of Mr. Allan Gilmore, a few miles from Cupar, Fife, Scotland, recently struck against what seemed a boulder. When unearthed it proved to be a deep bronze vessel. A stone was wedged in its mouth. There were 9,000 silver coins in the vessel. They appear to be of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

While she sat in the twilight, expecting her beloved, her hand wandered wistfully over the keys as she sang, "Somebody, somebody's waiting for thee." She was right. The old man with a new pair of double uppers and a club, was waiting for him behind the front door.

Grand Prize Suit.

The Convis Mining Company vs. the Grand Prize Mining Company, is the title of the second complaint. The plaintiff, among other things, claims that the Convis mine was located on the 18th day of March, 1876, by O. C. Wheeler and Jefferson T. Babcox. They claimed 1,500 feet in length by 600 feet in width, within the following boundaries: Beginning at Post No. 1, United States survey, whence the southeast corner of section 34, township 40 north, range 51 east, bears south 40 degrees 45 minutes east, 2,170 feet distant; thence north 40 degrees west 600 feet to post marked No. 2, United States survey; thence north 86 degrees east 1,500 feet to post No. 3, United States survey; thence south 40 degrees east 600 feet to post No. 4; thence south 86 degrees west 1,500 feet to place of beginning, containing 36½ acres. They claim to have done the necessary work to hold the ground for one year. The complaint sets forth that the locators sold their location to Charles E. Convis, who in turn disposed of it to the Convis Mining Company. That on the 1st of August following, the Grand Prize Company laid claim to and prosecuted to own said ground within said boundaries; put men to work upon it, extracted the mineral ore and converted the same to their own use, whereby Convis was damaged in the sum of \$100,000. The plaintiff claims that the defendant did not, at the time the Convis mine was located, claim said ground, nor did those under whom the defendant now claims, then claim said ground; that no record of such claim exists among the records of the district; that not \$1 worth of work was ever done on any claim owned by the defendant on the ground claimed by the plaintiff, within one year after the location or pretended location by the defendant; that the defendant threatens to continue mining on the ground unless restrained by the Court. Plaintiff prays to be adjudged the owner of said ground, denies the right of the Grand Prize Company to any part thereof, and asks for \$100,000 damages and a perpetual injunction to prevent the Grand Prize Company from working the ground in dispute. The complaint is signed Stewart, Vanclief & Herrin, and Hoyt, Sears & McKee, as attorneys for plaintiff.—*Elko Post.*

WHAT AILED HIM.—One of our dry goods clerks called round to see his girl the other evening. She observed that he appeared very restless, and as he had been paying her pretty sharp attention she sniffed a proposal. She determined to assist the young man.

"George, dear," she said, in a sweet voice, "what's the matter with you this evening?"

"There ain't nothing the matter," replied George, twisting uneasily in his chair.

"I think there is," she said, with great interest.

"Oh, no, there ain't," returned George, "what makes you think so?"

You appear so restless," she explained; "you act as if there was something on your mind."

"It ain't on my mind," observed George; "it's—"

and then he suddenly caught himself, and stopped.

"What is it—where is it, dear?" entreated the young miss; "won't you tell your darling?"

"It's on my back," blurted George, with an effort.

"On your back?" repeated the young miss, in astonishment.

"Yes," said George, desperately; "it's a porous plaster, and it itches so I can't keep still."

The young lady fainted.

EFFECTIVE SCARECROW.—Take two small, cheap mirrors, fasten them back to back, attach a cord to one angle and hang them on a pole. When the glass swings the sun's rays are reflected all over the field, even if it be a large one, and even the oldest and bravest of crows will depart precipitately should one of its lightning flashes fall on him. The second plan, although a terror to the crows, is especially well suited to fields subject to the inroads of small birds, and even chickens. It involves the artificial hawk made from a large potato and long goose and turkey feathers. The maker can exercise his imitative skill in sticking the feathers into the potato so that they resemble the spread wings and tail of the hawk. It is astonishing what a ferocious-looking bird of prey can be constructed from the above simple material. It only remains to hang the object from a tall bent pole and the wind will do the rest. The bird will make swoops and dashes in the most threatening manner. Even the most inquisitive of venerable hens have been known to hurry rapidly from its dangerous vicinity, while to small birds it carries unmixed dismay.

The survey of Palestine under British authorities is progressing favorably. Lieutenant Kitchener has completed 550 square miles, and hopes to finish the north of Palestine by the end of July. He has discovered two synagogues not previously known and four dolmens.

"That's my butcher," said an actor to a friend, at the same time pointing to a lean, cadaverous-looking man just passing. "Looks pretty bad, doesn't he?" "Does look bad," was the reply. "Looks as if you had dealt with him a long time, doesn't he?" The subject was immediately changed.

An Immense Body of Ore.

That portion of the Paymaster known as the "Clay Chamber" begins to open up beyond expectations between the upper and lower tunnels. It has been drifted upon forty feet, cross-cut thirty-two feet, no hanging wall has yet been encountered, and it is a reasonable supposition that the vein is much wider. The cross-cut proves the fallacy of the theory that the lower tunnel follows the ledge proper, for it now transpires that the main body leaves the tunnel to the east, and that it cuts no part of the rich body of ore, which is outside the contact and entirely in porphyry. Much of the ore in this chamber goes over \$800 to the ton, all milling ore, and requires little or no assorting. This would be a bonanza on the Comstock even, but here in Ward it is something scarcely worthy of a passing notice. No such body of ore of equal extent and richness, it is safe to say, exists in the State. With present facilities forty tons of ore is taken out daily, but with appliances known to mining elsewhere three times that amount could be extracted with ease. Those who profess to know, claim that this ore can be worked by mill process, without roasting, up to 70 per cent., in which case it is plain that a mill could not be run on ore of this grade at a loss. The mill is here, and all that is required is pans. We are informed by a reliable man that the greatest cost of converting the leaching into a pan mill would be the pans. Water stands in the way of such a move at present, but we cling to the hope that it will thus be permitted to stand in the way for all time, when a large body of water is going to waste over at Willow Creek, a few miles distant. The supply as at present obtained is found to be uncertain and liable to be exhausted at any time, but in the event that it holds out, the water coming from the furnaces would be more than sufficient to run the mill. Tom Mc Masters or some other good mill man could take hold of it and soon arouse Ward from the sound sleep into which it has fallen. With a comparatively small outlay it would not be impossible for the Martin White Company, with a reorganized mill and both furnaces running, to turn out at least \$200,000 a month, possibly more.—*Ward Reformer.*

We believe the voters of Nevada would now endorse a system of roads, narrow-gauge or otherwise, crossing the State from north to south between the great transcontinental lines. They would, if they are as progressive and enterprising as they should be.—*Eureka Sentinel.*

A stranger arrived in St. Louis took a look at the city and shot him self. In his pockets were found thirty-five cents and a stub of a lead pencil, which caused the coroner's jury to return a verdict: "Chicago editor—couldn't stand prosperity."

Foreign papers are bragging because the German farmers plowed under, burnt over, and otherwise fumigated the field where the first Colorado beetles were seen. Why shouldn't they, where there are three or four hundred people to one beetle?

It is probable that the annual congress of Russian naturalists will not be held this year, as no provision has been made for it by the Government, and the war will prevent the expenses being met by private contributions.

Learned professors know about 30,000 words. Children two years old use from 200 to 400. The average mortal has a vocabulary of 10,000, more or less. For this we are beholden to Professor Holden.

By an amicable arrangement between the newspaper proprietors and composers of Louisville, Ky., the price of composition on the morning papers has been reduced from forty to thirty-six cents per thousand ems.

The Viceroy of Egypt has ordered a magnificent music box, said to be the largest, most costly, and most ingenious article of the kind ever manufactured—to be sent to him at his Summer residence at Alexandria.

Young men of the middle classes are so little disposed to marry these times that parents of marriageable daughters will have to resort to the seductive chromo.

Wheat and millet seed germinate in a day or two, barley in seven days, cabbage in ten, while almond, chestnut and peaches require twelve months.

No Iowa preacher can fool his congregation by saying that he lost his pocket-book while asleep on the train. They know too much about three-card monte out there.

The Venetian women of the fourteenth century wore dresses almost precisely like the scarlet skirts and "pull backs" of the present.

When an Ohio man reads a headline in his paper "The situation at Washington," he telegraphs to Hayes for it immediately.

A man, child in Caswell, N. C., twelve years old, weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds, and is five feet ten inches high.

Several car loads of Rye Patch are to be shipped to San Francisco.

Quips and Jibes.

A colored postmaster is now called a blackmailer.

Advice to too many people.—How to make home happy—leave it.

A Massachusetts girl says she would like to see one of those Bashful Bazouks.

An East Indian baker thought he hit it when he put out his sign describing himself as a "European Loafers."

The latest tenor out is named Carion. His voice is more than his name. Hope he'll never find himself in bad odor.

O'Leary picks up his feet again, as he did when he kicked over his mother's lantern just before the Chicago fire.

The Czar will not get through tickets by Kara; he will avail himself of the "passes" of the Balkan.

"Thought I'd leave my measure on your floor," said a man who fell down in a bar-room. "No necessity for that," said the barkeeper, "we know exactly how much you hold."

"This ere chap can't give no account of himself," said a policeman, who was trying to lift a drunken man from the gutter, to a passer-by. "Of course not," was the reply; "how can you expect a man to give an account who has lost his balance?"

An invalid, while panting with asthma, almost deafened by the notes of a bawling fellow who was selling oysters beneath his window, exclaimed, "The extravagant rascal has wasted as much breath as would have served me for a month."

Miss Clara Morris is now besieged with applications from mothers offering children for adoption and to be trained for the stage. This shows the confidence of the community in Miss Morris' fitness for so delicate a charge.

There was once a woman who said she wanted the board whereon her husband's dead body was laid made into a bench, so she could sit on it and mourn forever. Six weeks afterward she was married to another fellow and the bench was used for kindling wood.

A MAN DIES AT A FUNERAL AND IS CARRIED HOME IN THE HEARSE.—We are called upon to note another most singular occurrence—that of a man attending a funeral and being brought back dead in the hearse. James Kelly, of south Hannibal, was the victim, he having been struck down by a sun stroke, while following the remains of Thomas Hart to Brush Creek cemetery, yesterday. The cemetery is about 14 miles west of Hannibal, and those in attendance at the funeral were principally residents of the city. At some point between Bear Creek Station (at which point Mr. Hart died) and the cemetery, Mr. Kelly complained of being drowsy, and expressed a wish to get out of the buggy to take a nap.

This was objected to on the part of his companion, who had no reason to believe the man to be ill. Finally Kelly jumped out of the vehicle and called for water, after which he fell in an exhausted condition to the earth. He was picked up by several men and carried to a farm house. Two physicians were sent for, and upon their arrival they pronounced the case one of sunstroke. Death ensued in a short time. Upon the return of the funeral cortege from the cemetery the remains were placed in a hearse and brought to the city. Mr. Kelly was a boiler maker by trade, and had been an employee at the Hannibal & St. Joe shops for a long time. He was about 40 years of age and leaves a wife to deplore his loss.—*Hannibal Courier.*

MOWING MACHINE ACCIDENT.—A man named George Smelser, suffering with a shattered hand, came into town from Carico Lake, yesterday, for surgical aid. It appears that on a ranch at the head of the lake a mowing machine was being unloaded from a wagon by means of skids. A little child got directly in the way of the descending machine, and it seemed inevitable that it must be crushed to death. At this moment Smelser threw his weight against the mower, grasping one of the wheels with his right hand, which turning, crushed the hand between the cogs of that and a connecting wheel. But he saved the child. The hand is terribly lacerated, but Dr. Wixom, who is attending Smelser, thinks that he can heal the wound without resorting to amputation, or, at the worst with only the amputation of a portion of one of the fingers. The loss of a finger in such a cause is more a glory than a calamity to the loser.—*R. R. Reville.*

A special dispatch received from Wallula, July 21st, says: "One hundred and fifty Chinamen arrived here yesterday from the upper Columbia river, where they have been engaged in mining. They state that the Indians entered their camp and robbed them of all their money, provisions, blankets and some clothing. After taking all they possessed, the Indians told them to 'chawwa,' meaning to leave, which the Chinaman lost no time in doing. They are all camped now at Wallula, and do not know what to do or where to go."

Montgomery, Ala., reports a four-year old boy who chews tobacco and (especially to be commended) can roll a cigarette.

TERRIBLE RESULT OF AN ELOPEMENT.

About two weeks ago a terrible tragedy occurred on the Calcasieu River, a little above the northern line of this parish. A young lady named Gunter had eloped with a young man named Bass. Her father and brother pursued them to the residence of a neighboring magistrate, where, a few minutes before, they had been married. The father entered the house at one door and the son at another, and immediately the former discharged a double-barreled gun loaded with buckshot into Bass's breast. The latter, though mortally wounded, returned the fire by two shots from a revolver, both taking effect in the elder Gunter's head. Both parties fell to the floor, and young Gunter plunged a bowie knife repeatedly into Bass's body. The latter died instantly. Young Gunter then took up his father, who is likely to recover from the pistol shots in his head, as they were glancing shots, and fled. Being pursued by the Sheriff and a posse, he turned on his pursuers with a revolver, and was shot by the posse, dying from his wounds a day or two after. The elder Gunter is in the custody of the Sheriff.—*Lake Charles Echo.*

A BULL DOG'S VICTORY OVER AN ALLIGATOR.

—One day last week an alligator was seen swimming in Sampit river, near the wharf. Captain David Steele's bull dog was soon brought forward, and upon viewing the enemy plunged off the wharf to meet it. The alligator saw what was up and made for the dog. While they approached each other not a sound could be heard from the spectators, who were expecting the moment they met to see the dog submerged, never to rise again; but the dog got the first hold, plunged his ugly teeth into the head of the ferocious monster and caused it to sink. It soon reappeared, looking as fierce as ever. The dog and the alligator were mouth and mouth, nip and tuck, until it was thought that the dog had conquered, the alligator disappearing. The dog, being exhausted, was then picked up by a boat. The alligator, however, soon appeared and made for the opposite shore. Several persons got in boats and pursued him until he passed under the wharf. It was nip and tuck again for awhile, but the dog, soon gaining the advantage, brought out his foe dead. The reptile measured five feet and several inches.—*Georgetown, (Fla.) Comet.*

LONGER TONGUES THAN PURSES.

Mrs. Malone and Mrs. Teller contradicted each other's account of the fight, in which both received black eyes, until, after listening for some ten minutes to their conflicting statements, the justice at the Fifty-seventh Street Court yesterday declared:

"The next lady who speaks I'll fine. Silence from both of you!"

Mrs. Malone—All right, Judge, nothing more from me.

Justice—You're fined one dollar.

Mrs. Teller—Serves her right.

Justice—One dollar you'll have to pay.

Mrs. Teller—But your honor—Justice—Madame, one dollar more.

Mrs. Malone—She hasn't got a cent to her name.

Justice—Well, you'll pay another dollar in her stead.

Mrs. Teller—I've twenty dollars to her one. She's a pauper.

Justice—Pay your fines and get out. Mrs. Malone had fourteen cents and Mrs. Teller five.

"Officer," shouted the Justice, "out with them. Their tongues are as long as their purses are short."—*Boston Times.*

Now the young doctor follows the grocer's boy and notes where he leaves the watermelon.

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